COLOURED SUPPLEMENT BY R. PANNETT

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 61.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, February I, 1905 With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

FATHER GAPON, THE LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLT

FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT IN ST. PETERSBURG

(This is the first genuine portrait which has yet been published)

No. 61.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"The System." By Percy White. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Love and Twenty." By John Strange Winter. (John Long: 6s.)
"Helen of Troy, N.Y." By Wilfrid S. Jackson. (John Lane: 6s.)
"The Weans at Rowallan." By Kathleen Fitzpatrick. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Luck of Bella Barton." By G. W. Appleton. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
"Bolts and Bars." By F. C. Vernon Harcourt. (Digby, Long: 3s. 6d.)
"The Informer." By Fred Whishaw. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Temptation of Anthony." By Alice M. Diehl. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Rebellion of the Princess." By M. Imlay Taylor. (Isbister: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Other Side of the Lantern." By Sir Frederick Treves, Sergeant-Surgeon to the King. (Cassell: 12s. net.)
"The *Era* Dramatic and Musical Annual." 1s.
"John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac." 1s.
"The Royal Navy List and Naval Recorder." (Witherby and Co., High Holborn: 10s.)

PERIODICALS

"The Story of the Heavens." By Sir Robert Ball. To be completed in 14 monthly parts. (Cassell and Co.: 6d. each part.)
"Cassell's History of England." Empire Edition. New issue. First part, January. (6d. net per week.) Thirty-two special Rembrandt Photogravures will be presented with this work.
"Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War." Part 19. (6d. net.)
"The Book of Photography." To be completed in 12 monthly parts. (7d. net each part.)
The Quiver. February. (Cassell: 6d.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

February 1, 1905

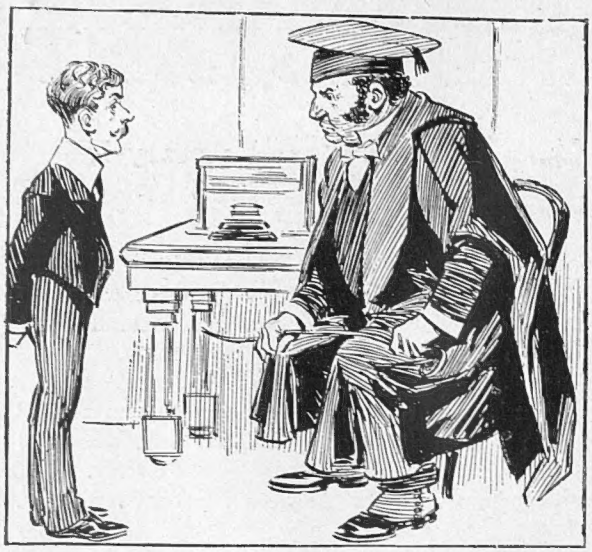
A tremendous amount of garbage has been written round the doings in Russia during the last few days, owing to ignorance of Russian affairs. The Tsar has been the popular object of opprobrium, though he was probably quite guiltless of the slaughter of the Innocents the other Sunday. However, no epithet has been too strong to cast at him. Assassin, coward, murderer, a modern Nero—these and similar expressions have been boldly hurled at him with that inexorable determination to uphold the old motto, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, which distinguishes the Press in all matters, great and small. His movements have been interesting, too, if somewhat mysterious. At one moment he has been cowering in one or other of his palaces, at another he has been on his yacht about to flee to Copenhagen, while the final news of this ubiquitous and cold-blooded tyrant told us that he was actually whistling at Tsarkoe Selo! No wonder, with such a wealth of suitable material, Mr. Swinburne's immortal muse has been inspired.

* * *

What is to be the outcome of the Russian revolt? Are we to spell the word as Revolution? He would be a rash man who hazarded a decided reply, but if we may judge by signs, we should be inclined to say, not yet. For months now we have warned our readers that the Russian nation would rise up against its masters, and as the little cloud on the horizon grew and grew in size we feared for the result. But the first blow for freedom has been disappointing. With the exception of Father Gapon, none of the leaders of the people seem to have displayed any of that resolution

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."—BYRON



A Poser

HEADMASTER BULL *(to Master Arnold Forster)*: "And pray, sir, what was the great Duke's opinion of the value of public schools to the Army?"—(*See page 232*)

and courage which is essential to success. You cannot triumph in a revolution with kid gloves. It requires violence and much bloodshed—and many martyrs. But the way in which the people seem to be collapsing makes one ask, where are those secret organisations that have been preparing all these years?

* * *

The situation is very complicated, but it seems clear that unless the military throw in their lot with the strikers, the Government will win, and at the moment it does not seem as though the military forces are disposed to do this. They are also victims of bureaucracy; they are men who are forced to take part in this most unpopular war. As conscripts they are barely paid, are fed execrably, and are treated by the authorities with the utmost severity. The strikers and malcontents are their own brothers and sisters. It is known that revolutionary literature is widely read in the army, and yet we behold the spectacle of the soldiery in all parts of the Empire refraining from actively siding with the strikers, and, in most cases, not hesitating to fire upon them.

* * *

On the other hand, we find men like M. Suvorin, the editor and proprietor of the *Novoe Vremya*, who has been a notorious friend of the reactionaries, taking an impressive stand. In heading a deputation of editors before Prince Mirsky, M. Suvorin made this strong attack on the Government:

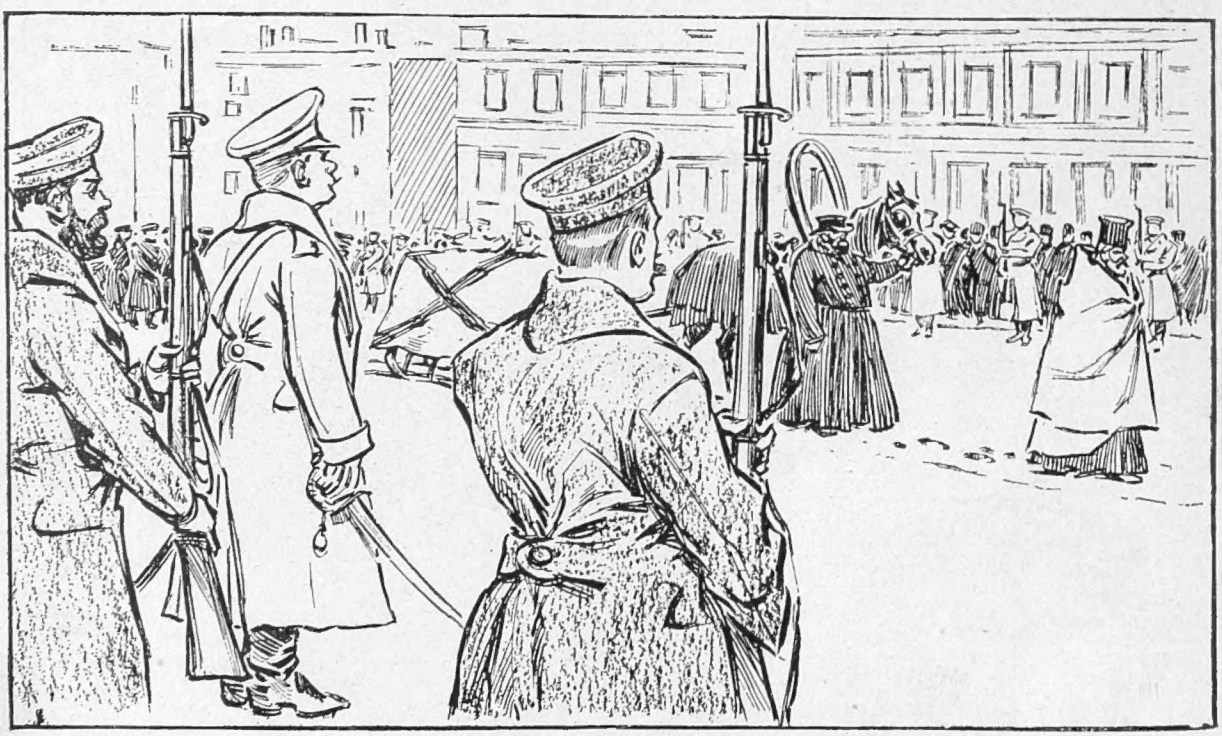
"I feel bound to say that heretofore I regarded the Liberal movement in Russia as superficial, and I judged it accordingly. But the events of the last few days have convinced me that I was mistaken, and that the whole of the Russian people are behind it. The Army, too, which has its roots in the people, will make common cause with them."

Here Prince Mirsky interrupted the speaker, saying:

"Well, but the troops fired on the strikers when commanded."

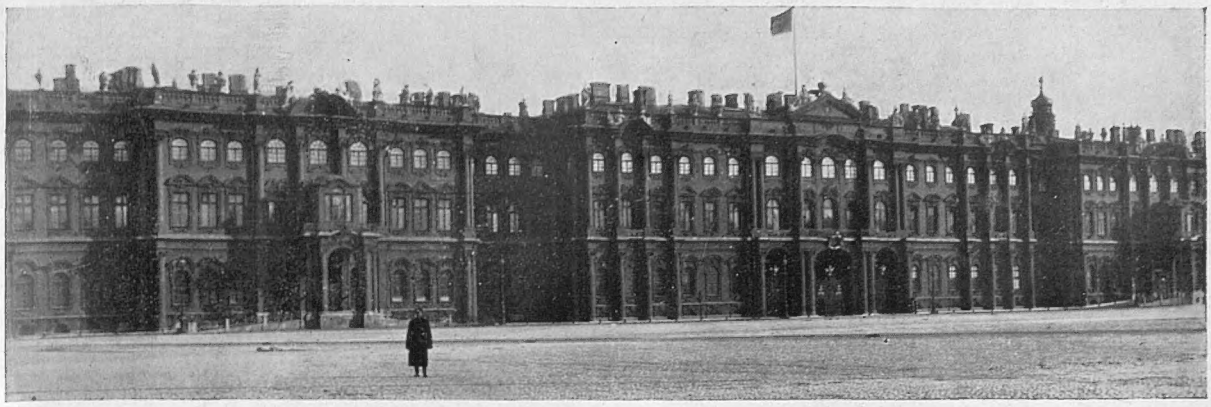
"Yes," replied M. Suvorin, "but that will not last long. To-morrow or next week the soldiers and officers will join hands with the people, and then the struggle will be over. If there were even five energetic men in Russia to-day, it would have been easy for them to constitute themselves a provisional government. . . . We are passing through a crisis, the gravity of which seems to have escaped the attention of the responsible rulers."

These remarks are very striking, and deserve the utmost consideration, for if there is one man in Russia more than another (with the possible exception of a Grand Duke) who has a dislike of the *canaille*, and upholds the autocratic régime, it is Suvorin. "To-morrow or next week," he says, "the soldiers and officers will join hands with the people, and then the struggle will be over." The people, he is convinced, are behind the present movement. Few men can more faithfully judge



A CRUEL SATIRE

"As the funerals of the victims of the St. Petersburg massacre pass through the streets, soldiers and officers present arms"
—*Daily Paper*



The Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, before which the first massacre of workmen took place

Built in the reign of Catherine II., the great Winter Palace has been added to by her successors. Among its State apartments are a ball-room, which can accommodate 3,000 persons, and banquet rooms, where 2,000 persons can dine

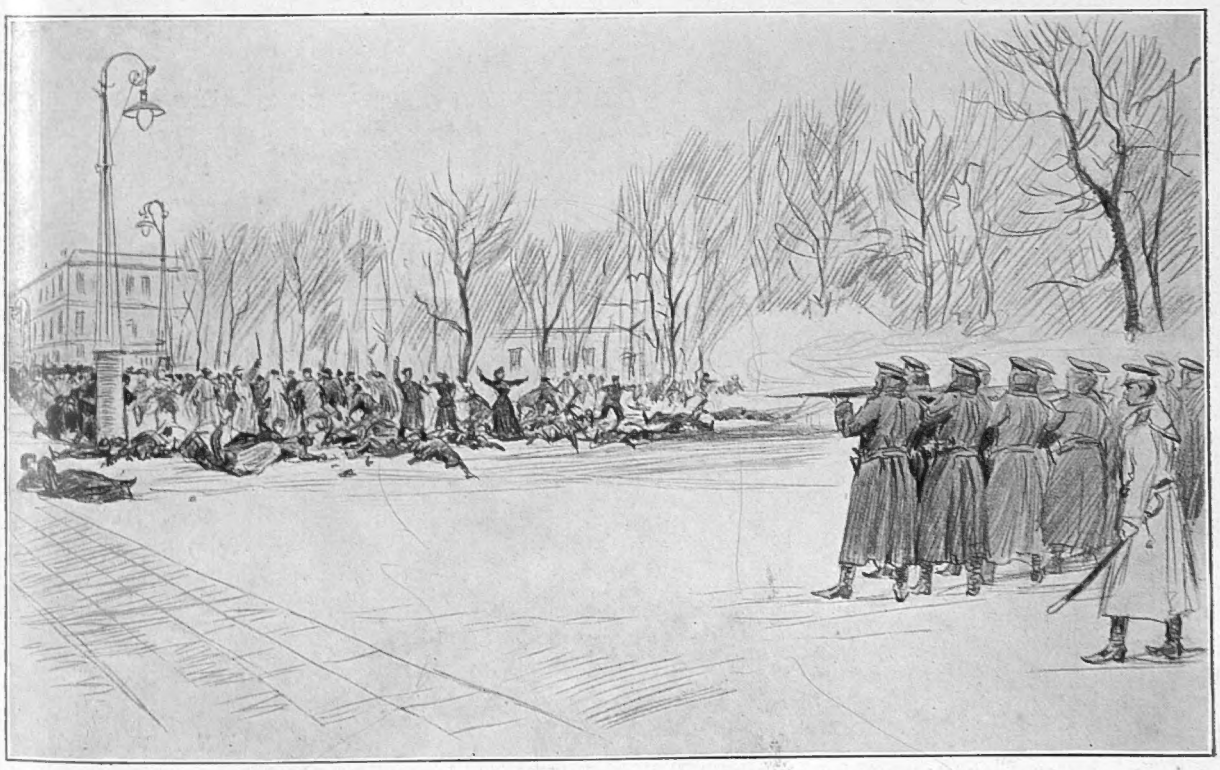
the public temper, or are better informed than Suvorin.

* * *

We, however, publish in another column an article by a well-known Englishman, whose experience and knowledge of Russia's domestic problems is so well-known to the Government of the Tsar that his room was preferred to his company. This gentleman (whose name we regret we have to withhold, for political reasons) seems to hold a poor opinion of the strike movement. Organisation, finance, and arms, the necessary accompaniments to any successful revolution, are conspicuous by their absence, and the desultory risings which have taken place will be sternly repressed by local Trephoffs. Gapon, whom the papers here looked on as a modern Savonarola, he suggests, is a secret agent of the Government, who betrayed the people he professed to try to emancipate. These statements are so extraordinary that we can hardly accept them. If Gapon is a traitor, who can be trusted?

* * *

There is, however, one final matter in connection with the state of affairs in Russia which has a very important bearing on the situation. That is, the temper of the army in Manchuria. Ominous reports are creeping through, and we may be sure the Japanese Army will take every opportunity to let the enemy know what is taking place at home. Discontent is very rife even now with Kuropatkin's forces, and if they should mutiny, it will doubtless give heart to thousands of soldiers, reservists, and civilians at home. The future thus looks very black for Russia, even if she can suppress the present disorders, and few will envy the Tsar, Vladimir, and the other Grand Dukes, their exalted positions. For the day of retribution will come ere long, even if it be delayed now.



A BRILLIANT VICTORY FOR THE RUSSIAN ARMY! FIRE!!

Infantry shooting down the crowd in the Kamenoostreff Prospect, near the New Bridge

FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT IN ST. PETERSBURG

GENERAL VIEW OF MOSCOW, SHOWING THE KREMLIN, "THE SACRED CITY WITHIN A CITY," MARKED WITH CROSSES

THE FUTILITY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLT

BY AN EXPELLED ANGLO-RUSSIAN

THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE, A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISHMAN, WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS RESIDENT IN ST. PETERSBURG, AND IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT, DESIRES, FOR POLITICAL REASONS, THAT HIS NAME SHOULD NOT BE DISCLOSED

The Russian Government is rapidly recovering itself, and is reappearing on the scene in its traditional colours. After the sanguinary episode of wholesale slaughter by the military, the old methods of "administrative order" and repression are being resumed. The one exception, so far, seems to be the strange liberty allowed in the circumstances to the correspondents of London newspapers, who continue to telegraph furious attacks on the autocracy. But probably this will also be curtailed, or put an end to, in good time. The gentlemen of the foreign Press will then have again to resort to the mailing of their despatches to the German frontier.

Is Father Gapon a Government Agent?

The much-dreaded General Trephoff has now come to the front as autocratic Governor-General, and the so-called popular leader and instigator of the workmen's movement, the priest Gapon, has mysteriously disappeared. No one has seen him since. He has not been arrested, nor do the police seem to be interested in discovering him, the avowed ringleader of a dangerous mob which placed itself, unarmed, at the mercy of the soldiery. This is quite in accordance with established Russian precedent. Leaders of the type of Father Gapon always come forward in tumults like the recent one, and promptly withdraw into secret retirement as soon as they have played into the hands of the authorities. This *soi-disant* champion of the people was a prison chaplain, and, on his own showing, a former agent of the Government. Very few sober-minded Russians believed in his self-imposed mission from the very outset. Of course, the working men, whom he charmed, will be led to believe that he has been made away with by the police; that he has fallen a sacrifice for the welfare of the people. In any case, the strikers whom he led will certainly be demoralised in their ardour for reform by the signal defeat that has opened the door for General Trephoff.

The Trephoffs, Father and Son

The present instance is the only one in which a Governor-General wielding extraordinary powers has been appointed in St. Petersburg since the reign of Alexander II. At the end of the "seventies," just before the assassination of the Liberator of the serfs, the famous General Louis Melikoff was appointed with similar powers at the beginning to those now given to General Trephoff. But the Armenian officer, Melikoff, had no such unenviable reputation as that now enjoyed by Trephoff. Melikoff was, in many respects, of character similar to the present helpless, but thoroughly well-meaning, Minister of Interior, Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky. The bad odour acquired by General Trephoff as Police Master at Moscow is not the only stigma that attaches to the well-known name which he bears. This name was the terror of St. Petersburg more than a quarter of a century

The Place Rouge, Moscow, showing (centre) the Cathedral of St. Basil

It is not too much to say that upon Moscow are directed the eyes of all Russia. It is the headquarters of the party capable of turning the revolt into a revolution. The Cathedral of St. Basil, seen in the illustration, was built in 1554, and, on account of its fantastic architecture, has been referred to as "a nightmare in stone"

ago. His father before him was the most tyrannical and over-bearing police master and prefect of St. Petersburg that the Emperors of Russia have ever had. It was at Trephoff, the elder, that the first female terrorist in Russia, Vera Zassulich, fired her revolver shot.

A Former Reign of Terror

Everybody in St. Petersburg stood in perfect awe of the first General Trephoff. The isvostchiks or droshky drivers used to tumble off their seats, go down on their knees, and bump their heads on the curbstones when the "Emperor of St. Petersburg," as he was called, came walking along. And when he drove out in his open carriage, it was sufficient for him to stand up in it and knit his bushy eyebrows for any irregularity in the streets to be put right instantly. It was always understood that his name, which is a compound of two German words, *treppe* (stairs) and *hoff* (court), had been bestowed upon him because he had been found soon after his birth on the staircase of the Palace. Such was the first General Trephoff at the head of the police in St. Petersburg. If General Trephoff the second is anything like him, it will be a bad change for many dwellers in the Northern Palmyra, but, at least, outward order and discipline will be maintained at all costs.

Peace in Petersburg—Revolt Elsewhere

Does the appointment of General Trephoff, as the second Dictator, mean the end of the political-industrial outbreak started last Sunday? In answering this question it must be remembered that outbreaks of a similar character have been occurring all over the Russian Empire for several years past. The consequences to the victims in many cases have not been less terrible than those suffered by the crowds on this occasion. But whenever events of this nature take place away from the few great centres in Russia they attract but comparatively little attention.

As far as St. Petersburg is concerned, there is no doubt an end to any more such outbreaks so long as the redoubtable Trephoff reigns supreme. In other parts of the vast Empire, however, the agitation will continue to go on as it has been for the last ten years. It was, in fact, inaugurated by the sudden strike of 30,000 workmen in St. Petersburg immediately after the coronation of Nicholas II., at Moscow.

But that any such outbreaks as these can upset the autocracy, even when supported by the sympathy of the educated and intelligent classes, is out of the question. The idea of thousands marching upon St. Petersburg and overthrowing the Government is absurd, for as long as the vast majority of the troops are drawn from a population standing on the present low level of culture of the Russian masses, it is not conceivable. A radical change of Government can only take place from the inner machinations of a comparatively small circle, perfectly hidden from the outside world. And, if it ever does come, it will come as suddenly as the awful tragedy at Belgrade. The profound impression produced by that unexpected event will never be forgotten in St. Petersburg.

TWO NOTABLE MUSCOVITE REFORMERS

Prince Galitzin
Moscow's Reform Mayor

Prince Galitzin

Prince Galitzin is a member of one of the most aristocratic and exclusive families in Russia. He is, however, unlike most of his kinsmen, a prominent leader in the present Reform movement. The Tsar and the Grand Dukes, for many months, regarded Prince Galitzin with suspicion, and suspicion deepened into strong dislike when the Prince resigned his mayoralty, immediately after the issue of the Government *communiqué* forbidding Reform meetings. Just a week since, the Moscow Municipal Council re-elected Prince Galitzin by 113 votes to 10.

Prince Dmitri Troubetskoi

Outside official circles, by far the most remarkable figure in Russian politics to-day is the Prince Dmitri Troubetskoi, who sent the Minister of the Interior a letter declaring that "the Empire is in a state of revolution." If the Russian States-General are ever convoked, it is Troubetskoi who is likely to prove the Mirabeau of the Assembly. The Troubetskois, descendants of the Grand Dukes of Lithuania, are one of the three most powerful families in the Empire, and have produced more than one capable administrator, a famous sculptor, and several men of letters. The Prince, whose name is now in everybody's mouth, is President of the Moscow Zemstvo, the most daring and advanced of the self governing organisations in the Empire. He is a friend of Tolstoy, and a highly cultivated, resolute man, who knows that all the Tsars and bureaucrats of Russia dare not injure a hair of his head.

Prince Dmitri Troubetskoi
President of the Moscow Zemstvo

THE EVIL GENIUSES OF THE TSAR

The Grand Duke Serge
Uncle of the Tsar, Military Governor of Moscow, and the most hated of the Royal Family. Many attempts have been made upon his life

The Grand Duke Vladimir
Uncle of the Tsar and Permanent Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army; he is called "Vladimir the Red-handed"

M. De Witte
President of the Committee of Ministers, who, as the one strong man in Russia, might have used his influence over the Tsar in advocating reform

M. Pobiedonostseff
Over Procurator of the Holy Synod, and "keeper of the Tsar's conscience." The greatest enemy to reform in the Empire

General Trephoff
One of the most cruel and repressive of bureaucrats, who has been appointed Dictator in St. Petersburg in order to stamp out the revolt

The Grand Duke Alexander
Brother-in-law of the Tsar, over whom his influence is paramount. His connection with Manchurian commercial enterprises has been largely responsible, it is said, for the war

Whose Autocracy kindled the flames of Revolt, which they are now striving to stamp out

The Grand Duke Alexis
Uncle of the Tsar, and supreme head of the Fleet, who is held responsible for the defective condition of the Russian Navy during the present war

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

A Daughter of Irish Kings

Miss Beatrice O'Brien, fifth daughter of Ellen, Lady Inchiquin, who is just engaged to Signor Guglielmo Marconi, of wireless telegraphy fame, is a member of a very clever and charming bevy of sisters. She is a very graceful girl, with a pretty face and animated manner. Miss Clare O'Brien was married last summer to Major Armar Lowry-Corry, the wedding taking place at the Guards' Chapel. They are all very proud of their Celtic descent, which is emphasised by the pretty Irish names borne by at least four of the sisters, who are known as Clare, Doreen, Eileen, and Monica. Lord Inchiquin, their half-brother, possesses the unusual privilege of using scarlet liveries, the same as those worn by Royal servants. This is on account of his descent from the ancient line of Thomond, a house which at one time occupied the throne of Ireland. Dromoland, the family place of the O'Briens, is one of the finest castles in Ireland, and in the library are carefully preserved ancient records of great historical value.

An Engagement of Interest

Mr. Eric Chaplin, who, according to rumour, is engaged to Miss Gwladys Wilson, the beautiful younger sister of Lady Chesterfield, is a son of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., familiarly called "the Emperor." He is the descendant of a Lord Mayor and Alderman of London, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the good, sturdy blood of commerce is in his veins. He is one of the handsomest, best set-up young men in Society, and popular, as are all the members of his family. Miss Gwladys Wilson, the prospective bride, is very beautiful, her greatest charm being her beautiful complexion. She prefers an outdoor life to the gaieties of town, and, like Mr. Chaplin, is an enthusiastic motorist. She can not only drive her own car, but is also able to repair it when necessary, a very unusual accomplishment for a woman, of which she may be justly proud. The marriage will probably take place from Warter Priory, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson usually reside during the hunting season.

Photo by *Russell*

Signor Marconi

Of "wireless telegraphy" fame

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Hon. Beatrice O'Brien

Daughter of Lady Inchiquin

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED

A "President," a "Prophet," and Mme. Ella Russell

Dowie and the Diva

Mme. Ella Russell, the English prima donna, who arrived in New York about eight weeks ago, has had (writes a correspondent) some amusing experiences during her tour in the States. When dining in her private room at the hotel, on the day after her arrival, Mme. Russell, who had given instructions that she was "out" to everybody, was amazed to receive a card, bearing the illustrious name, "Theodore Roosevelt." Mme. Russell, knowing the President to be at Washington, regarded the matter as a practical joke, but the waiter persisted that the visitor was none other than the President. The *diva* thereupon ordered him to be admitted. After a polite speech, complimenting her upon her triumphs, the President begged her, as a personal favour, to sing at a concert on behalf of an actors' charity, in which he was interested. The astonished prima donna consented, whereupon the President pulled off wig, moustache, and eyeglasses, revealing a commonplace red head, and in no way Presidential physiognomy. "I am Seth P. Walker," said he, "the famous facial mimic, and I hope that the discovery of my trick will not absolve you from your promise." Another encounter concerns Mme. Russell's arrival at New York. She was waited upon by a middle-aged gentleman of the Stiggins type, who announced himself as an emissary of the "Profit," Dr. Dowie, who was particularly concerned about the state of the prima donna's soul. In an autograph letter, the "Profit" announced that he was forming a "choir of angels," whose function would be to attend his meetings and "sing down pressmen, pigs, and other children of hell." Would Mme. Russell join?

Mme. Ella Russell

The English prima donna who is now on tour in America

Sir Francis Jeune

The atmosphere of Courts, whether police or judicial, seems to have a deleterious effect upon the health. The most robust judges and magistrates are occasionally laid low by the peculiar stuffiness which invades their ill-ventilated places of office. Sir Francis Jeune has not escaped the common lot. A year or so since he suffered a bad spell of illness, and has now, it is stated, tendered his resignation on the grounds of failing health. Satirical remarks have often been levelled at the propensity in some of His Majesty's judges, for clinging to office when

Photo by *Langfier*

Mr. Eric Chaplin

Son of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., the well-known member of the Tariff Commission

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Gwladys Wilson

Daughter of Mr. Charles Wilson, M.P., and younger sister of Lady Chesterfield

AN ENGAGEMENT OF INTEREST

The Atmosphere of Courts—Police and Judicial

Photo by *Russell*

Sir Francis Jeune

Whose offer to resign from the Presidency of the Divorce Court on account of ill-health has been met by the Lord Chancellor with a request to continue on the Bench

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The Hon. John de Grey

The new police magistrate, who is the half-brother of Lord Walsingham, and was formerly Recorder of King's Lynn

they were beyond their duties. An aged judge, indulging in forty winks during a prosy speech by Counsel is not an uncommon sight in the Law Courts. The President of the Divorce Court, however, is not numbered among these. The rumour that his resignation has not yet been accepted, gives colour to the probability that the Lord Chancellor shares the opinion of the general public that there are many years of useful public life yet in front of Sir Francis Jeune, who, although delicate in appearance, gives daily proof of his keen and masterly grasp of the most intricate detail.

Photo by] **Mr. John Tussaud at work in his modelling studio** [*Campbell-Gray*

Mr. Tussaud's art is to be called into requisition for the make-up of Mr. J. W. Thorold as Mr. Alexander's double in *John Chilcote, M.P.*

The Young Princes go to School

Professions for Our Little Princes

The Prince and Princess of Wales have, in their domestic capacities, recently had to solve that question which has attracted so much public attention, "What shall we do with our boys?" and, perhaps, they found it as difficult to answer as so many commoners seem to. At any rate, for the time being, it has been decided that the two young Princes, Edward and Albert, are to be sent to the Royal Naval College at Osborne. As befits the sons of a sailor, they are both to have a naval training, though Prince Edward will finally enter the Army. The children of the Prince and Princess are extremely popular in London, and whenever they are out and are recognised hearty cheers are the result. This is partly due, no doubt, to the punctilious manner in which they return all salutations, although, for such small children, it must sometimes become quite irksome. One remembers the quaint little figure cut by Prince Albert at the review of the Indian troops, when they were over here. Although only six or seven years of age, he bravely bore the fatigues of a trying afternoon, saluting with a solemn, juvenile air that greatly pleased the crowd.

Photo by *Downey*

The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales

Prince Edward, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, Prince George, and Princess Victoria

THE CONTAGION OF THE NEW GAME "PIT" SPREADS TO OUR SUBURB

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Bravery Its Own Reward

It is believed that—in spite of the successful manner in which they have defended the city against numerical odds—the Kaiser does not intend to confer the *Ordre Pour le Mérite* upon any of the Generals commanding the Russian Army in St. Petersburg.

The Autocracy of Mr. Stead

There is no tragedy without its lighter side. So far from believing Father Gapon's statement that there is no longer any Tsar, Mr. W. T. Stead has already outlined a scheme by which it is possible for the Little Father to eclipse the glory of the most famous of his predecessors. The scheme, it should be noticed, does not impose upon the Tsar the necessity of mastering Esperanto.

Schools of Happiness

We must confess to complete ignorance as to what Mr. Beerbohm Tree meant by suggesting the establishment of technical schools for the teaching of happiness. He must have meant something, or he would not have made the suggestion at "a largely-attended meeting of working men and women at Poplar Town Hall." But how teach happiness? Mr. Tree said we ought to learn the rules of happiness, as children, in rhyme:

> I love my Mommer and my Popper,
> I'm just as glad as a Grass-hopper.

That is what the small American boy had to learn, but he wasn't really glad. He would probably just as soon have been learning to spell. Learning is apt to be a bother now and then, whether one is learning the rules of happiness or the elements of Greek grammar.

Mr. Carnegie's Way

Besides, people differ about the rules of happiness. Mr. Carnegie may have discovered—as Mr. Tree said—that happiness consists—for him—in ridding himself of the burden of his riches, but was Mr. Carnegie such a depressed and melancholy man during the years when he was engaged in hoisting that very burden upon his back? In any case, few of the residents in Poplar are in a position to imitate Mr. Carnegie, though, no doubt, they would, if they had the chance.

Not a chase after a delinquent, but simply a contingent clearing the Course on Lingay Fen for the Professional Skating Championship

Cheering Rhymes

Speaking of Happiness in Rhyme calls to mind Leaflet No. 63 of the Tariff Reform League. It is full of rhymes, which, if not particularly happy themselves, are about happiness. For example :

One cheer, my lads !—JOE CHAMBERLAIN ! He'll gain that mighty boon :
That's the glad day coming, lads—the glad day coming soon.

Infants, in one of Mr. Tree's Utopian schools, might—if they were compelled to get the poem from which these lines are selected by heart—be made temporarily happy. But would their happiness last? The most conscientious Protectionists are apt to become a little tired of cheering Mr. Chamberlain.

The Economics of Charity

Charity is going ahead. The latest example of it is the dinner held last week at Claridge's Hotel in aid of the Soup Kitchens of Stepney. Mr. Long, who spoke at it, said rightly that the problems of charity are so complex that any critic would be a bold man who would condemn without careful consideration the puniest efforts. We do not feel bold at all, only anxious. Is there no other way of providing food for the starving at Stepney than by the charitably disposed assembling together to eat a more expensive dinner than usual at a fashionable hotel? And if there is not, what purpose does the Statesman serve?

Ollendorf Up-to-Date

(*Intending visitors to Russia should make a point of having the following questions and answers at their fingers' ends, as the nerves of Russian police officials are at p esent so tightly strung that any misunderstanding is calculated to precipitate a disaster.*)

Q. Stand, or I fire !

A. Certainly, sir. I will stand with much pleasure. Allow me to point out, however, that the weather is cold, the thermometer being below zero.

Q. Have you a bomb in your portmanteau?

A. No, but I have a tooth-brush, a comb, and a suit of clothes in my Gladstone bag.

Q. If your own clothes are in your bag, you have on the clothes of some other person. You are, in fact, disguised. You are an Anarchist, a Nihilist, a Jew, a working-man, a Japanese torpedo-boat, an English fisherman? I will shoot you.

A. Pardon me, I am a traveller only.

Q. To what place do you travel?

A. To a place, if possible, of safety.

Q. You are, perhaps, a Grand Duke?

A. Well . . .

Q. I understand. You are bound for the Far East . . . incognito. Pass, Grand Duke !

(The visitor should then hasten away as soon as possible, for his next encounter might be with an artisan).

Lord Ampthill's welcome back to Madras

Lord Ampthill, who has been Acting-Viceroy of India during Lord Curzon's visit home, received a hearty welcome on his return to Madras, of which he has been Governor for the past four years. Lord Curzon, on his return to India, invested Lord Ampthill with the insignia of a Grand Commander of the Star of India, and in a speech made on the occasion referred in warm terms to the Acting-Viceroy's successful administration

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

ACTRESS: "You seem to have got much thinner since you've been at the *Colidrome*"
ACTOR: "Well, you see, I've not had time to get a meal since we opened"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

It is no light task to take issue against Mr. Tree. His services are of a kind at once to compel and excuse metaphor. He is a prop to the drama that ought to be spared the whittling knife of criticism; a custodian who stoutly keeps at bay the hungry pack of howling pessimists. Were it not for him, Shakespeare would not circulate far beyond the schoolboy and the bibliophile, for it may justly be maintained that the general reader is induced to the study of the bard by the production of his plays upon the stage. If anyone doubt this dictum, which is the result of much hard thinking, let him discuss with an acquaintance *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, or any other of Shakespeare's plays which is rarely produced.

Mr. Louis Calvert as "Dogberry"

Don Quixote or Benedick?

Mr. Tree having given us several notable productions, it would be pleasant to be able to make much ado about *Much Ado About Nothing*. Unfortunately, the very arts which served to gloss over the weak spots in *The Tempest* have almost proved fatal to the latest production at His Majesty's. The natural liveliness of the play is stifled under the burdensome adjuncts of its production. Spectacular effects and historical accuracy of costume prove a hindrance rather than a help, because they are carried to excess. Mr. Byam Shaw, R.I., in particular, has done his work with almost deadly precision. In giving us a picture of the period, correct to an armour buckle, he has turned out Benedick in the first scenes into a presentment of Don Quixote, which is irresistibly droll. Mr. Tree's figure and make-up complete the likeness to the poor Mad Knight. What possible chance can a Benedick have, thus weightily handicapped? The pleasant play of wit goes for nothing when spoken by this bizarre and pathetic figure.

Beatrice in Discomfort

Miss Winifred Emery is even more severely treated by the relentless Mr. Shaw. Her comely figure is so marred by the stiff, brocaded gowns of Messina as to make her (it is an ungallant word, but it must out) squat! The Beatrice

Mr. Tree as "Benedick"

Miss Winifred Emery as "Beatrice"

Miss Miriam Clements as "Hero"

we love is a dainty, debonair creature, and as graceful in her carriage as in her wit. No actress, however gifted, can hope to be debonair in a bell-shaped gown, which recalls those grim-visaged matrons labelled, "Portrait of a Lady" in a picture gallery. This fidelity to the costumes of the times has been carried to a vicious extreme.

Surely a suggestion of the period more conformable to modern ideas of beauty would give more chance to an interpretation of the text. To treat a Shakesperean play as though it were an historical charade is to err from excess of zeal. We do not want a Beatrice in a Paquin gown, but we should like to see her in a garment which does not excite our pity.

A Rooster at Daybreak

Realism in the costumier's art works a baneful influence on the piece. Realism in nature is a factor no more fortunate. There is a scene descriptive of the breaking of day, with which we could well dispense. It is best described by Mr. Tree in a graphic passage in the prefatory note to his admirable programme:

> Here I have introduced an intermezzo which illustrates the passing of a summer's night, and in which the sounds of nature are blended with those of the orchestra.

This is very considerate of the sounds of nature, but we think the shiver of day and convulsive throbs on the harp are best heard apart.

> At first (continues Mr. Tree) the hoot of the night owl is heard, then the song of the nightingale. The clock strikes two and three, and as the music progresses we see the first faint dawn, and with it nature begins to awaken; the chanticleer is heard and the hoarse croak of the raven. . . . The clock strikes four, the sun has risen, and the birds twitter a thousand welcomes to the coming day.

And so on and so on, through a gamut of property noise-producers, including cow-bells, barking dogs, teamsters' whips, and the blast of the hunter's horn. The effect produced by this amazing intermezzo, after the hilarity excited by the rooster had subsided, was one of longing for a continuation of the love story of Benedick and Beatrice.

Concerning the Players

These attempts to paint the refined gold of Shakespeare's genius are generally sorry pieces of stagecraft, whenever they are not the direct outcome of the text. It is as though the dramatist were asked to stand aside while his producer did a turn.

Allowing for the handicap of his garments, Mr. Tree is not happy in the rôle of Benedick. His humour is sardonic rather than playful. His laboured pleasantries and tentative sprightliness have a depressing effect. The awakening of love in his soul adds to his natural gloominess.

Miss Winifred Emery was as arch as her brocaded gowns would permit her, but with a dancing gait and a laugh to round off her speeches, she interprets the letter rather than the spirit of light-heartedness. Mr. Laurence Irving was a truculent Don John. He invested the character with a great deal of power. Mr. Sydney Brough's Don Pedro was a truly excellent performance. The zest with which he entered into the plot to bring Beatrice and Benedick together was but one good point in a characterisation replete with grace, polish, and humour. E. C. S.

Mr. Laurence Irving as "Don John"

Mr. Sydney Brough as "Don Pedro"

CONCERNING H. B. IRVING

(NO. 61 OF THE SERIES)

The reputation of Oxford as a rallying-point of giant minds is not quite what it used to be in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but as a recruiting-ground for the stage, it has been pointed out, the old University is of an importance scarcely to be over-estimated. Since Mr. Arthur Bourchier set the fashion twenty years ago, and laid, moreover, the foundation of Oxford acting by establishing the O.U.D.S., a number of promising undergraduate amateurs have stepped across the professional line. Of these, beyond all doubt, the most distinguished, successful, and talented has been Henry Brodribb Irving, who went down from New College, with the blushing honour of a second in history thick upon him, in 1891. He is entitled to call himself *magister artium*, having duly paid his fees; and if all bearers of the M.A. degree were as thorough-paced masters of one art as Mr. Irving is of his own, England would stand no bad chance of shaking off the yoke of Philistia. As it is——but no matter! A time will come.

He is thirty-four: which is a good age for being in the front rank of one's profession. His experience, nevertheless, goes back about a quarter of a century; for he played in *Pinafore*—the opera, not the garment—when he was somewhere in the units. It was a children's production; and he was nearly discharged during rehearsal for inattention and general hopelessness. He first appeared publicly as Master Bardell in the Trial Scene from *Pickwick*, and the house rose at him. This triumph was followed, after an interval of years, by his appearance as *King John* at the Oxford Theatre.

It was wrong of him to do this, because Sir Henry was not at all anxious to see his son treading in his steps. He wanted to see him at the Bar, where histrionic talent is quite as useful as it is on the stage, and much more paying; and when Mr. Irving went down, it was for the Bar that he read, and coached, and ate dinners, and cultivated solicitors, and wore respectable hats, and did all the things that a young fellow with his eye on the Woolsack generally does. And in the end he was actually "called." That was done by those in authority at the Inner Temple. A boy does it now.

Long before he performed his first and last act as a barrister by taking some very nice wine with the Benchers on call-night, Mr. Irving had started upon his career as a player. Not inappropriately, he began in *School*, with Mr. John Hare. They had corporal punishment in that *School*, and Mr. Irving was the stick. So, at least, the critics hinted in that benign way of theirs.

His real experience was gained where there is always a good deal of the article to be had—in one of Mr. Ben Greet's repertory companies. Then he returned to London, and at once began to act with imagination. Everything he did showed his interest in character, and grasp of it. Then came *The Admirable Crichton*, in which it fell to him to "buttle," as Mr. Huntley says, and to prove Mr. Barrie's point that no valet is a hero to his employer, his "Crichton" was one of the best things ever done. The public now awaits with great interest his *Hamlet*, under the management of Mr. Otho Stuart, at the Adelphi Theatre.

He takes his profession as a man should, working for it as well as for himself; and he is a prop (not in the technical sense) of the Actors' Association. Nor is he without other intellectual interests. He has some taste in ruffians. He has written a book about French criminals, and a life of an English one: Judge Jeffries. But he, personally, is so good that he almost deserved to marry Miss Dorothea Baird.

THE REVOKE

Lalage, with pain I write it,
All is over 'twixt us twain,
Love's enchanting chain is broken
Nought can join its links again.
All my love for you was shattered,
Shattered at a single stroke,
When I saw at Bridge last evening
Your Revoke.

I will own I should have asked you
If you had not got a "spade,"
Blindly trusting you I spoke not
When the trump you gaily played.
From my dream of love and trusting
Horror-stricken I awoke,
When they proved beyond all question
Your Revoke.

'Twas not merely your revoking
(Awful in itself, 'tis true),
Neither was it that your error
Lost the game and rubber too:
No, what turned my love to ashes
Was, that you as quite a joke
Treated it, when they discovered
Your Revoke.

Oh! the horror of your laughter
(Laughter when I looked for tears);
It will haunt each waking moment,
Tho' I live a thousand years.
And in any future nightmares
Lobster suppers may provoke,
I shall hear you laughing over
Your Revoke.

H. B. Irving as "Hamlet": "Following in father's footsteps"

REFORMING INEBRIATES

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET

This is the first of a series of special articles which will appear each week, on social problems of the day, written by the authorities best qualified to discuss them. Lady Henry Somerset has long been associated with the crusade against the evil of drink.

There is no better evidence that we have arrived at a truer understanding of the causes of inebriety than the fact that men in all countries who stand pre-eminent as scientists or philanthropists are giving their time and thought to this most important among our social problems, and that, consequently, we are arriving at a clearer understanding as to what alcoholism is, and the best means of arresting its evil. The time is undoubtedly ripe for such diagnosis. Recent researches have thrown a flood of light on the most intricate problems of disease, but until lately little has been done to arrive at any definite knowledge respecting the pathology of inebriety, and consequently reform has been often despaired of, and the case of the habitual inebriate regarded as almost hopeless. Much confusion has existed in the public mind as to what really constitutes a drunkard. It would be impossible, in the short space allotted to me, to attempt to deal with the many theories that have arisen with regard to the question of heredity, the social reasons which may conduce to drunkenness, or the unhealthy conditions which may foster the disease; but the direct cause of drunkenness may be, I think, summed up by the fact that men drink, not to satisfy their thirst, not for the pleasure which the taste of good wine brings to the connoisseur, but rather because the drunkard desires to produce a direct effect upon his brain; and the more imperative this desire becomes, the less does the individual care what he drinks, for no matter how nauseous the taste, all that the drunkard sees is that intoxication which acts at first as a stimulant, and directly affects the central nervous system.

A Moral and Physical Disease

The drunkard is one who imbibes alcohol until he is mentally weakened, and control becomes impossible, and the longer I have watched the progress and development of this disease, the more certain I am that in its first stages the inebriate is absolutely unaware when he is drunk, and, therefore, it is more difficult to bring home to him the danger towards which he is drifting. We have, therefore, to deal with a question which involves not only the moral qualities of self-control and self-denial, but we have to deal directly with diseased brains; and sometimes this condition occurs at a very early age, either because the individual is so constituted that he is peculiarly prone to intemperance, or because by environment or circumstance he has been very early subject to its dangers. Consequently, in the cure of intemperance, what we have to consider is how best to overthrow the morbid and restore the normal. I do not believe that this can ever be effected simply by the imprisonment of human beings for a given number of months, during which they are restrained from obtaining alcohol, and for this reason a large number of retreats, both for men and women, have met with signal failure.

In dealing with the habitual inebriate, nothing seems to me to be more needed than careful classification. The cases which are committed by magistrates to reformatories should be divided into two classes—those who are what may be called incidental drunkards, that is to say, they are criminals in the first instance, and drunkards because it is an incident in a life of crime; and the second class those who are drunkards because they have diseased brains, and under such conditions may have committed crimes, but were not primarily criminals. It is essential to the success of any reformatory that a distinct classification be made.

Some Results of the Inebriates Act

In the recent report made to the Home Office by Mr. E. Welsh Branthwaite, on the efforts which are now being made to reclaim the habitual inebriate, under the Inebriates Act which came into force in January, 1899, Mr. Branthwaite shows that, out of the 1,012 committals under the Act, 876 were women, and 136 were men. He also shows that the number of detentions among women is gradually growing. The first year after the Act was passed yielded 88 cases of women. The figures of the four following years are as follows:

In 1900	232
In 1901	436
In 1902	714
In 1903	876

More mournful still is the fact that among these women there were seventeen between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, and I can, from my own experience, attest to the truth of this sorrowful feature, for the number of young women who apply for admission into our reformatory is startling.

Mr. Branthwaite, however, has not come to the conclusion that drunkenness is increasing abnormally among women, but he attributes the larger number of their convictions to the fact that women, under the influence of drink, exhibit behaviour which is less restrained than that of the habitual male toper. With Mr. Branthwaite's conclusions I do not agree. It is his experience, he says, that reclamation from the moral and religious standpoint is almost hopeless, that strict discipline does far more than moral suasion, for the average "habitual" is either too morally degraded or too mentally deranged to be susceptible of any other influence. I could not subscribe to this from my own experience, unless I had wider knowledge of what Mr. Branthwaite calls "influence

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from a moral or religious standpoint." I have seen such extraordinary results brought about in the reform female prison in America, conducted by the late Mrs. Johnson, a woman of extraordinary power and common sense, combined with a great tenderness and understanding of human nature, that I am not in this instance prepared to adhere to his opinion. A good deal of weak and ill-judged sentiment is often described as moral and religious suasion; but I see no reason why strict discipline should not be combined with both.

Moral Suasion and Self-respect

My experience of homes, however, leads me to believe that this combination is rare. I notice that in the Inspector's report he states that a successful attempt at steady occupation of the inmates is noted in regard to the Duxhurst Farm Colony at Reigate, where gardening, fruit culture, and the like are features.

At the outset I think it is necessary in dealing with women to ask ourselves, what it is we want to give them back again, and I think that the answer would be that we desire to restore their individual self-respect, and their ideals of life. Perhaps they have never possessed either, in which case both have to be created for them. I attribute a large part of the success of the colony to the fact that it is divided into small buildings, and that we have avoided housing large groups of women in one institution. It is otherwise impossible to maintain normal life, and, moreover, it is impossible to give any sort of ideal on which homes can be built.

The cottages are simply furnished, with just such utensils as every self-respecting labourer ought to have at home, clean, dainty, and pretty, and the women take immense pride in what they call "our little homes." The occupation that is given to them is largely out of doors, for we have realised that we are combating an evil which is not only moral, but which is physical also, and that, therefore, it is necessary to give the patients an antidote for the poison which has destroyed their lives. Nothing better can be found than the wholesome outdoor work of gardening. They are employed on the lawns, among the flower beds, in the kitchen garden, and in the forcing houses, under the superintendence of a lady gardener from Swanley College; and the way in which the women who have come to us utter wrecks, are built up, the manner in which they regain their youth and brightness, proves that our theory is correct. To our industries we add basket-making in bad weather, bee-keeping, and work on a large poultry farm.

How to Succeed

The homes are under medical supervision, and no remedies are used but those administered by our medical officer. On leaving the colony at the end of a year, sometimes two years, careful watch is kept over every patient. She is corresponded with, and seen from time to time where this is possible, in order that her history may be followed and the permanence of her cure ascertained.

I attribute much of the success to the health-giving occupation, to the wise management of the Sister Superintendent, to the individual dealing which constitutes the basis of our work, to the religious influence maintained in the Home, to the work of the Chaplain and the Sisters, and to the influence of the services held in the Church, which is part of the colony.

But in dealing with habitual inebriety, it is impossible to ignore the fact that there are many to whom a year's treatment is an impossibility. Men, especially, can rarely spare the time, because often a year's absence from business, even though it may result in a cure, may, from the point of view of occupation, mean ruin. I have, from time to time, carefully examined the merits of the so-called "cures" which have been advertised, but as I have watched their results, I have been continually disappointed.

The "Drug Cure"

So weary was I of these remedies that I have constantly affirmed my belief that no relief was to be found in any drug. A year and a half ago, when I was in America, my attention was drawn to a treatment administered by Dr. Isaac Oppenheimer, a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and a graduate of the Medical Department of the Columbian University. I have carefully, during the last year, watched the administration of this medicine. I have seen in the many cases which have passed under my notice the effect that it has in bridging over that terrible time between the moment when the patient first gives up alcohol, and the interval when he gradually begins to to cease to crave for it. The period of suffering is so diminished under the treatment that it practically does not last for more than a couple of days at most. The medicine has none of the effects noticeable in other "cures," which are either narcotic or stimulant, for indeed it does not substitute one stimulant for another, it is not administered hypodermically, and it has the power of eliminating alcohol from the system quicker than anything else I have seen. I can only say that the results that I have witnessed are truly marvellous; that I have seen habitual drunkards commence this remedy, drunk at the outset, declaring that they cannot and will not be cured, and within two days they are ready to say that they desire no more drink, and thank God that they ever submitted to this treatment.

It is much to be regretted that the medicine is a proprietary one, and that consequently the cure stands on a basis which is not ethical; but, nevertheless, some of the best known physicians in New York have availed themselves of the treatment, have sent patients to the Institute, and have told me that they felt bound to do so, as they knew nothing which answered so well, or did its work so effectually.

I am often asked whether patients relapse, and I can only say with regard to the cure of inebriety that you can do but one thing for the habitual inebriate, namely, eliminate the craving for drink, give them back (unless they are organically diseased) normal health, build up their moral nature, and help them to come to themselves, and awake them to the great realities of life. After that, if they fail, it is as though they had fallen for the first time, a deliberate act which brings with it again its own terrible nemesis.

Next week, Sir William J. Collins will deal with "The Better Housing of the Working Classes"

"Half-Hours with Great Authors"

No. III.—GULLIVER AND THE LAPUTAN SECRETARY FOR WAR

[*Being the third of a series of reprints from Famous Books, which seem to reflect—in a simple, old-fashioned way—some of the Political Problems of the present day. The interview between Gulliver and the Secretary for War, in the Island of Laputa, has—quite unaccountably—been omitted hitherto from the standard editions of Dean Swift's famous work. It is not, however, without interest to scholars.*]

. . . . To return from my digression, when I had picked myself up after stumbling over the piece of bright-coloured tape I have mentioned, I found that I was in the presence of Ah Noldforster, as the illustrious Secretary was named. He greeted me courteously, and, indeed, I observed that his intelligent face was covered with smiles, as though he had just received some piece of good news.

"You represent the *Standard*, I believe?" he said, as he shook me by the hand. I replied that such was not the case, much as I regretted it.

"No matter," he said. "I have no doubt that you have heard the excellent tidings recently announced by a retired General in that journal?"

"You mean," I said, "that Laputa is defenceless, and might easily fall to a force of 40,000 of the enemy? Is this regarded in your world-famous office as excellent news?"

"Superb," said Ah, rubbing his hands. "I may say, highly gratifying."

I asked the great man to be good enough to explain to me why the War Office took this view of what seemed to many of the Laputans a lamentable state of affairs.

"Because," he said, "the news will enable us, in all probability, to increase the Army Estimates, which, as you know, many foolish people at present consider too high." He went on to explain to me that the great object of every Secretary for War was to increase the Estimates—not, he assured me, in order that the Army itself might be increased—a matter which he considered as not only unnecessary but in questionable taste—but in order that the Secretary for the time being might carry out what he called Reforms.

"With my predecessor," he said amiably, "these Reforms took the shape of a Cap, which, unfortunately, many of our soldiers themselves did not care for—on the trivial pretext that in time of war they were unlikely to be called on to carry muffins upon their heads. I myself have altered the term of service, a pleasant change for the men, and have issued a general order that privates shall not wear boots too small for them. I also propose to raise the level of intelligence among officers."

"How will you set about this?" I inquired respectfully.

"I shall distribute maps among them," he said. "Old maps in the first place, as they will be cheaper and easier to buy. I shall encourage subalterns to go in for Missing Word Competitions, and ask the senior officers to solve a Breakfast Problem in the *Daily Mail* at least once a week. A course of Greek Iambics would, I think, benefit most Field-Marshals. If the public schools do not help me in this matter, let them beware!" He ground his teeth in a practised manner as he said this, and I felt some timidity in suggesting—

"And with regard to re-armament? . . . guns and such things?"

"Ah, yes, yes," he said, not without irritation. "I was talking about immediate necessities. You, it seems, are thinking of the future. My successor may possibly—"

A clerk who entered at this moment with some patterns of summer pyjamas for the Laputan Hussars drew his attention, and I seized the opportunity to take my departure.

AUNTIE: "Now, Ethel, what would you like?"

ETHEL *(after a pause for consideration)*: "Well, I think I'd like a little of everything, and an orange afterwards"

DRAWN BY W. EDWARD WIGFULL

TAKING NO CHANCES

"Do you think I ought to offer him back his presents?"

"Goodness, no! He might accept them"

Sunshine and Snow in the Riviera

Photos copyright

The Public Gardens, Nice

The present season in the Riviera has been one of the most inclement for many years, and the winter sunshine of our two illustrations has given way to dull, cold weather, and snow has fallen. It has been a remarkable contrast to see palms, aloes, and other tropical specimens flourishing amid snow

Sunshine and Snow in the Riviera

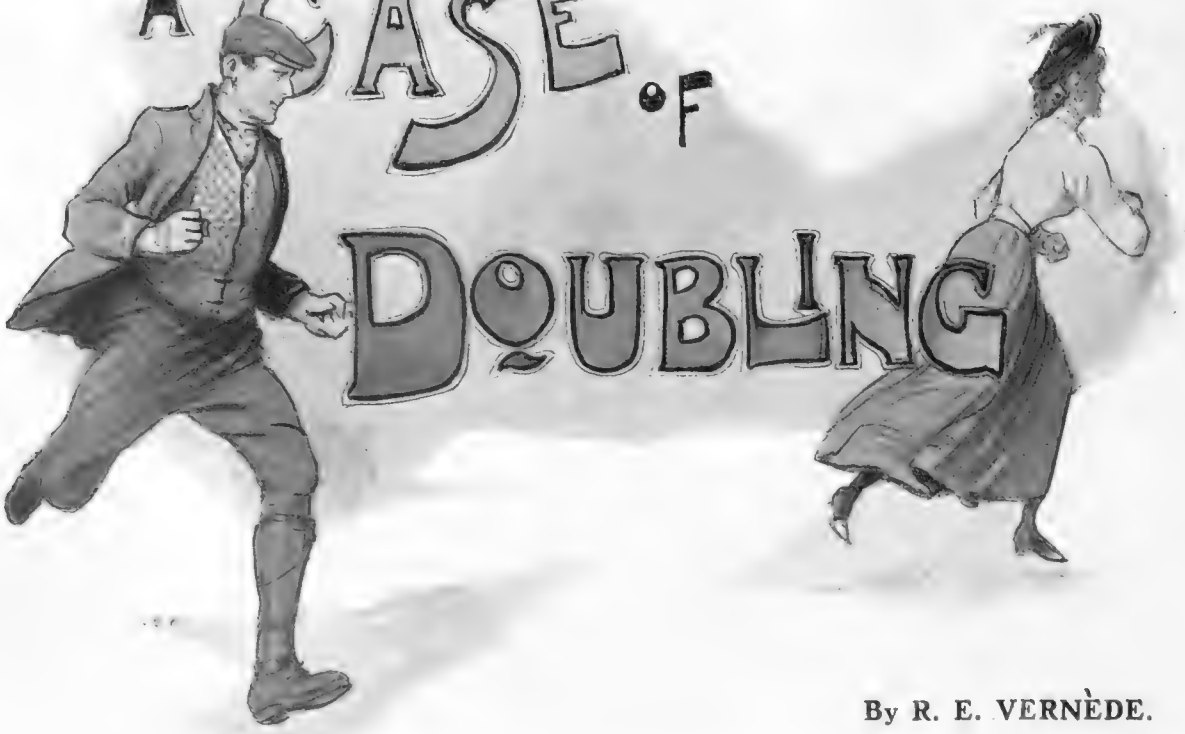
The Bystander

A corner of the Gardens, Monte Carlo

As we go to press, the inhabitants of Monte Carlo are still experiencing wintry weather, and the mountains around are white with snow. Happily for the visitors, this state of things is very shortlived, and soon replaced by the genial sunshine for which the Riviera is famous

OUR SHORT STORY

A CASE OF DOUBLING



By R. E. VERNÈDE.

(I.)

Greenwood walked back to his rooms, inhaling the winter air furiously. He walked because he had need of the air, having just been jilted. A cab would have stifled him. He felt this as he repeated to himself the word "jilted." He had never been jilted before, and, even now, it seemed incredible. True, he had never been engaged before, but, then, who could have supposed that Judith would turn out a jilt? Judith! He wasn't trying to make out to himself that there was anything about him—Richard Greenwood—that could hold a girl's—an ordinary girl's—affection. Far from it. His shortcomings were obvious, at least fairly so. He might, very possibly, be as unreasonable as she had told him he was. Most men are unreasonable. It is the one point in which they resemble most women, as he had said to Judith in a passion that made him not very brilliantly epigrammatic. But he had also said—and believed—that Judith was an exception to the rule. Thereupon, she had shed a tear, and denied it. He supposed that it must be accounted to her for grace that she had not claimed to be reasonable in this matter.

What the quarrel had been about, and whether his heart was broken, were two different affairs, concerning which Greenwood was not yet at all clear. A dance does not give one opportunities for thinking things out clearly and comprehensively. She had said, putting it quite nicely, that after thinking things over . . . for several days . . . "seriously" . . . she had come to the conclusion that their engagement was a mistake. Why? Well, she was not sure that she loved him, and she was quite, quite sure that he didn't love her. He had replied that the second conviction was the result of the first and—would she be so good as to inform him when that uncertainty had begun to weigh on her?

Perhaps he had spoken rather haughtily. She had flushed, and tossed her head. Several circumstances ranging over the past few weeks, she said, had contributed to make her uncertain. One was the fact that whenever she pointed out any little fault of his, he always got angry. If he had loved her, he would not have got angry. On the other hand, if she had loved him, perhaps she would not have observed the faults.

If only he had kept from sarcasm, there might have been a way out. But he hadn't. He had said that a man with so many faults as himself could not expect a girl to refrain from observing them, though he might, perhaps, have expected her to be a little less ready to comment on them.

The "perhaps" had done it.

She had again tossed her head.

He had laughed, not exactly with ease, but apparently with success.

She had smiled unkindly, and said bitter things.

He had then told her the truth about herself. It included the hitherto unrecognised fact that she was but a girl after all.

She had grown pink and white by turns.

Two minutes later the crash had come. . .

Greenwood, as he walked home through the winter morning, wished that he had not been such a fool. The line he ought to have taken was as easy for him to see now as are the tactics he ought to have employed for a General going again over a battlefield that he has fought and lost. He should have coaxed her into condoning—instead of goading her to exaggerate—the things that were at fault

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Unless, of course, there was some other man. . . When she had risen, it was to accept another man's arm. She had danced with the fellow more than once . . . what time Greenwood, regardless of his programme and the cold looks thrown upon him by several *chaperones*, had stood with his back to the wall, all but grinding his teeth. She had danced with more than her wonted liveliness, and looked prettier than her wont, if that was possible—with another man.

In any case, Greenwood was not going to break his heart. As a matter of fact, of course, people's hearts do not break easily. But he was not even going to behave as if his heart was slightly broken. He was not going to take to drink, for example. He was not going away for a few days to Brighton or Paris, as some men might, on the ground that people expected it, as a method of steeping the past in oblivion, and showing a decent disappointment. Greenwood wasn't going to show any disappointment. People would have to know that the thing was broken off: they might as well know at once. He wasn't ashamed to meet them as usual. On the contrary . . . wretched as he felt . . . as he necessarily must feel at the idea of feminine fickleness (not necessarily in its personal relation to himself), he should rather like to meet his friends than otherwise.

To-morrow . . . well, to-morrow he had intended to go beagling. She was to have been there. Of course she wouldn't be . . . in the circumstances. He felt glad that, in spite of all, he could still credit her with a just delicacy that would make such a thing impossible. But, for himself—there was no reason why he should not go. A good run was just the thing he wanted. He could be as jolly as a sand-what's-his-name after a good run.

A-beagling he would certainly go.

Greenwood was quite unable to understand why, after he had reached his rooms and gone to bed, sleep should, for quite a long time, refuse to visit him. It was absurd keeping awake like that, merely because he had been jilted.

(II.)

The hounds had checked in a grass field at the bottom of a long slope. Their reason for doing so, Greenwood, who had come to a full stop in the middle of the ploughed clay above, could not tell. He had a stitch—one of those stitches which taken in time saves nine—and felt immovable. The huntsman and a few others were ahead of him in the grass, and behind him some stragglers were coming up. It was not his wont to accompany the rear-guard, but the stitch was a powerful one, and might, for all he knew, be the first sympton of heart-break, which would end in destroying his constitution. It had already destroyed his powers of enjoyment, nor had the run endowed him with the gaiety he had expected. As far as that went, he wished that he had stopped at home. And now that stout little nuisance, Mrs. Tompkinson, was coming up, and he couldn't escape her.

"Stitch?" she snorted. "Have a lozenge, Mr. Greenwood?"

"Much obliged, but it's nothing," said Greenwood, sulkily, feeling that insult had been added to injury. Mrs. Tompkinson's lozenges were well known. She carried them to improve the wind of Mr. Tompkinson, her husband, a small asthmatical man, who beagled because Mrs. Tompkinson insisted, and because his will was even less in evidence than his wind. He had confided once to Greenwood that his favourite sport was Patience.

"Better have one," urged Mrs. Tompkinson, scanning the field with a critical eye. "We shall have a lot more run——" The hounds, which had been flinging here and there after the lost clue, took up the running harmoniously at this point, and with an "I never did! Coming?" Mrs. Tompkinson put her head down, and went pounding along for the gate.

Greenwood, hastily turning in the other direction, was passed by three more people, including Mr. Tompkinson, spluttering according to his custom, and a clergyman, who had evidently deserted the ladies, for he called out in passing—

"If you're going to cut, tell 'em up there which way to go. They're by the gap. Sure to double soon. See from the top, anyhow."

Greenwood nodded, wondering the while how he should avoid the abandoned ladies. It was his intention to cut the whole business, including tea, and go home. There was a train at 3.5 from Wimberly. He consulted his watch, and found he could catch it walking. Still, it meant going to the top of the field, since the road was that way. He needn't do more than give a direction; they could see for themselves probably.

The hedge at the top of the field was a thick one, with hollies in it, and it was not until he was just stepping through the gap that Greenwood caught sight of anyone, and when he did he was pleased to see that he need not assist. The three ladies—there were three of them—were hurrying along the hedge towards a gate at the right-hand corner, from which they would get a view. Just as fortune seemed to be favouring him, a fourth person stood in front of him. She must have been making for the gap at the very moment he was passing through it.

"Can you tell me, please," she began, and stopped with an "Oh!"

When one has, in a magnanimous spirit, decided to place to the credit of the being who has wrecked one's life (besides showing herself fickle, scatter-brained, and unworthy of real esteem), one redeeming quality, at any rate, it is more than disappointing to find one's magnanimity wasted. Greenwood had made sure of one thing, and that was that Judith—for all her faults—had the virtue of delicate feelings. Whatever she had done, he had been quite certain that she would have the modesty—the good taste—to refrain from enjoying herself in public the day following the ending of her engagement. She would appreciate the fact that it was not maidenly to beagle within twenty-four hours of breaking a man's heart.

Since she had not been present at the meet, Greenwood had felt justified of his magnanimity. He had even gone so far as to picture her sitting at home, quiet and thoughtful—perhaps repentant.

He had been mistaken.

Presumably, she had come late, but, anyhow, at

"There's no hurry," said Greenwood

this particular moment she was facing him. Her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes showed that she had been running. She breathed a little fast—but not like Mr. Tompkinson. She looked adorably healthy and provokingly sporting. And she had jilted him the day before!

"I didn't know you were here," she said slowly, with a small smile, as he saluted her.

Greenwood's scowl was Byronic in its intensity. She might smile as deprecatingly as she pleased, but he was not going to be cajoled.

"You were anxious to know——?" he suggested frigidly.

"You haven't got a stitch, have you?" said Judith.

"No," said Greenwood, majestically.

"Why aren't you with the others, then?"

It really seemed that she had no idea of his state of mind. She seemed to think that he could be drawn into conversation—into ordinary casual conversation!

"You aren't generally behind," she went on.

"I am afraid," said Greenwood, "that I fail to see of what possible interest my movements can be to you——"

"Oh, dear!" she said, in feigned alarm, and her eyebrows went up.

"And I might add," said Greenwood, much exasperated, "that I am surprised to see you here. I I didn't expect it——"

The words were not a piece with his resolve not to be drawn into conversation, and he repented of them next moment.

"Why not?" she said. "Really, Dick . . . I should say, Mr. Greenwood"—she continued, as he made no sign of answering—"I don't quite see—if your movements can be—what was it you said?—of no possible interest to me, why my movements should be of any interest to you——"

"It's only," said Greenwood, more furious than ever at her mimicry, "that your doing this kind of thing after . . . last night doesn't strike me as decent."

"I see," said Judith. She did not seem offended. In fact, she had begun to walk on beside him, or else he had begun to walk on beside her. "I suppose it is different——"

"You suppose what is different?"

"Your coming."

It was a merely verbal trap, Greenwood felt.

"Of course, it's different," he said with dignity. "Very different. I came . . . because . . ."

"Because?" It was Judith's turn to do the prompting.

"Because I chose to. You didn't imagine that I was going to pine away in private because I'd been jilted?"

He had not meant to say this. It was the feeling of being driven into a corner, unfair and heartlessly, when he had every right to be feeling angry, that wrung the words from him. They had just come to the upper end of the field, and before he had looked at her to see what effect his words had had, a horn blew not far off.

Without a word Judith began running towards it.

Greenwood watched her go, running lightly along the edge of the field. He had always admired her running. Only . . . she was running from him now. He must have hurt her. She was going from him hurt, and in a minute or two she would join the others—still hurt. There was no one in sight. Suppose he ran after her and explained that . . . explained what?

Without stopping to solve that question, and forgetting his fury, his train, and his stitch, he went in pursuit. She was running like a hare towards the gate at the bottom, by which way, as likely as not, the real hare would elect to come—and the pack—and everyone.

"Judy!" he shouted.

She turned her head slightly, and ran on quicker than before.

After that he did not call till he was right on to her. The gate was not more than a couple of yards away. "Stop!" he said, and made a snatch at her. Whereupon she doubled, ran back a little way, and sat down in the grass, panting.

"What do you want?" she asked, when he came up.

"You," said Greenwood; and like the spider in the nursery rhyme, he sat down beside her. . . .

As it happened, there had been another check, and so far as Judith and Greenwood could judge, the result of it was that the pack lost the line and set off after a new hare. There followed much rating and horn-blowing, and Judith said they ought to make for it.

"There's no hurry," said Greenwood. "I've got a stitch, you know."

"You said you hadn't," she reminded him.

"One says such absurd things."

Judith picked blades of grass.

"But you meant some of them," she said. "You meant that you didn't think it nice of me to come to-day, and you mean it still. It's no use denying it. . . . Only . . . would you like to know why I came?"

"Yes," said Greenwood, just a little too eagerly.

"There!" she laughed, and mimicked him again. "Did you imagine, sir, that I was going to pine away in private because I'd . . . been disappointed?"

"No," said Greenwood . . . "I only thought . . ."

"You only thought! But you ought to have known . . . that I should have pined away . . . if I hadn't come . . . and found you. Oh, yes, you wouldn't have . . . but that's the difference, Dick. So you see, I came because I had to. . . ."

Later on, at tea, Mrs. Tompkinson taunted Greenwood with slacking. But, all things considered, he hadn't really slacked.

R. E. Vernède.

THE RESTING PLACE OF THE CID

Burgos, the ancient capital of Old Castile

One of the most interesting old-world towns in Spain is Burgos, formerly the capital of Old Castile, and situated about 200 miles north of Madrid. When the Court removed to the latter town, Burgos began to decline in importance, but it is still rich in historical association. In its castle, which is well over 1,000 years old, King Edward I. was wedded to Eleanor of Castile, and here also the notorious Pedro the Cruel was born, while the famous Cid was a native of Burgos, and his bones are still preserved in the Town Hall. The chief point of interest, however, in Burgos at the present day is its glorious cathedral, which can be seen to the left of our photograph. Its graceful twin spires and lantern of exquisite design make it one of the most beautiful churches in Spain, while its fifteen chapels contain some particularly fine sculpture and tombs.

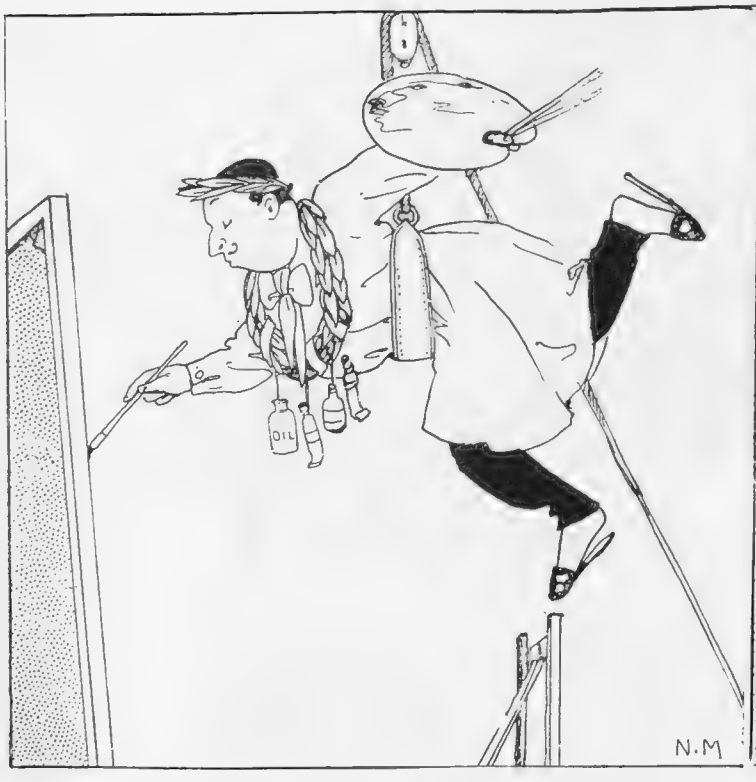
THE IMPRESSIONABLE ARTIST

"An artist, like an actor, should live his characters. Painting a picture makes as much call upon the faculty of impersonation as playing a rôle upon the stage."—*Daily Paper*

AT WORK ON HIS FAMOUS WATERLOO PICTURE

LANDSCAPE WITH COWS

HIS ACADEMY WORK, "SWEET AND TWENTY"



WORKING ON HIS ALLEGORY "FAME"

A BACCHANTE

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Other Side of the Lantern." By Sir Frederick Treves. The famous surgeon's account of his recent tour round the world. Illustrated. (Cassell and Co. : 12*s.* net.)

"Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers." By Frederic Villiers. With illustrations from the author's original sketches. (Longmans.)

"With the Pilgrims to Mecca." By Hadji Khan and Wilfrid Sparroy, with an introduction by Professor Vambéry. Illustrated. (John Lane : 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Thackeray Country." By Lewis Melville. (A. and C. Black : 6*s.*)

"A Gardener's Year." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans : 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"An Act in a Backwater." By E. F. Benson. A story of love and courtship in a quiet cathedral town. (Heinemann : 6*s.*)

"Helen of Troy, N.Y." By W. S. Jackson. The story of the wooing of an American heiress by various fortune-hunters. (John Lane : 6*s.*)

"The Bell in the Fog, and other Stories." By Gertrude Atherton. To be published to-morrow. (Macmillan : 6*s.*)

"Godfrey Martin, Undergraduate." By Charles Turley. (Heinemann : 6*s.*)

"The Provincials." By Lady Helen Forbes. (John Long : 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

The Thackeray Country
By L. Melville
(A. and C. Black : 6s.)

It says much for Mr. Lewis Melville's powers as a writer that he has been able to invest his book, on the "literary geography" connected with Thackeray, with extraordinary interest and charm. For Thackeray does not lend himself so well to these excursions as other writers of his pre-eminence. His concern was with men and women and not with the *genius loci*. One grows sufficiently weary of the eternal comparison of Thackeray and Dickens. But, in this respect, the comparison is an interesting one, and has nothing to do with questions of rivalry. Both were Londoners; that is to say, that, while neither of them were born in London, both loved the great city, and were never content to be long away from it. But while both loved it chiefly for the companionship it afforded them with congenial spirits, Dickens loved the bricks and mortar of it, and Thackeray had no particular interest in them. So that, while Dickens drew many an inspiration from streets and courts and houses, Thackeray was content to place his characters in the environment best suited to them, without using that environment as a means of heightening his effects. And what can be said about London in this connection is true of the whole of England. Dickens had a very strong sentiment for places, a sentiment in which Thackeray was greatly lacking. The literary geography, therefore, connected with the writings of Dickens, is an ever-abiding matter of interest, while one would have said that Thackeray could hardly have afforded material for a volume, however slight. Nevertheless, Mr. Melville has provided a volume, and it is by no means slight, but on the contrary, so full of interest, that it must be read through by anyone who is in the least attracted by the author's work and personality.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Melville has not confined himself to the places mentioned in Thackeray's writings. He has dealt chiefly with the places connected with Thackeray's life, and he has interpolated a great mass of biographical and other material which has no connection with places at all. But this has been done so well that it adds greatly to the charm of his book, and one would not for a moment have it otherwise. Everything has been said that could have been said about the scenes in which the early chapters of "Pendennis" were laid, and about the Charterhouse, which are the two places which Thackeray described most faithfully, and with the nearest approach to the feeling so much more connected with the name of Dickens. And for the rest, one is glad enough to have this additional record of the life of a man, whose official biography, it must be remembered, has, by his own request, never been written.

A Gardener's Year
By H. Rider Haggard
(Longmans and Co. : 12s. 6d. net)

Mr. Rider Haggard showed himself a bold man when he gave to the world this quite undecorated account of his year's fears and hopes, and his year's work in the three acres of garden ground which he cultivates for his own pleasure. And, indeed, he affords abundant opportunity for the sneers of the scoffing reviewer, for his record is bald to the verge of banality, and seldom does he condescend to lighten it. But, although his gardening is quite commonplace, and in a whole, large volume he gives scarcely as many hints for fellow garden lovers as Miss Jekyll, Mrs. Earle, or other recognised garden diarists would throw out in a single page, the fraternity of the craft to which

he belongs is so great that he can be read throughout with the closest attention by those who, in other places, have shared through the year the simple yet absorbing occupations he describes. But a word of warning is necessary. It is to amateur gardeners, and to amateur gardeners only, that *A Gardener's Year* will appeal. To the general reader the book will appear to be about the dullest he has ever read.

Godfrey Martin, Undergraduate
By Charles Turley
(Heinemann: 6s.)

The romance of University life is very strong. Probably it is felt most by public schoolboys who have read their "Verdant Green" or their "Tom Brown at Oxford," and are preparing to enter its delights or to relinquish them with regret for other occupations. And it certainly recurs in after years to those who have experienced them. That is why books about Oxford and Cambridge are always sure of a hearing. *Godfrey Martin, Undergraduate*, is, no doubt, a faithful picture of Oxford life, but, curiously enough, the author has managed to get rid entirely of the glamour of undergraduate life. His characters are rather tiresome boys of eighteen to twenty-one, instead of the "men" of immemorial age which undergraduates appear to be, both to themselves and to those who read about them in the classics mentioned. Perhaps, Mr. Turley is too near his Oxford days to estimate the portentous seriousness of those three or four crowded years; perhaps he is too far to view them in the light of their delightfully irresponsible frivolity. At any rate, close as his study is to actual life, he shows the triviality without the abundant humour, and the occasional dulness of spirit, without the more serious interests which give dignity to those years of early manhood. One must confess that his picture is true to life, but one does not want to be reminded that the life was often so very ordinary and the interests so trivial.

The Provincials
By Lady Helen Forbes
(John Long: 6s.)

This account of an upper middle-class county family, who loved all the sports of the field and hated "town," and of their numerous acquaintances, is pleasantly written, and full of clever little touches of observation. The story that runs through the book is sufficiently attractive to hold it together, and it can be read with pleasure from beginning to end.

Books to Appear Shortly

Several books about the Tsar's predecessors are being hurried along, in view of the present situation in Russia. One of these —"The Courtships of Catherine the Great"—we have already referred to, and the latest announcement follows up her career with a sketch of the life of *A Mother of Tsars*, Marie Feodorowna, wife of the Emperor Paul, two of whose sons became successively Alexander I. and Nicholas I. The Emperor Paul was the only child of Catherine II., who not only neglected him shamefully, but seems to have done her best to remove him from the succession. It was only through the surreptitious burning of her will that he found his way to the throne, for in those days the succession was dependent upon the caprice of the reigning sovereign. One of the wisest things that Paul did on ascending the throne was to get this law altered, settling the succession upon the sovereign's eldest son, thus removing the danger which threatened from pretenders and adventurers. On the other hand, he revived many obsolete imperial privileges, making himself obnoxious by his autocratic ideas of dignity. Among other things, he insisted on all his subjects, without distinction of class, kneeling in the streets to him whenever he passed. His follies, and his tyranny, at length cost him his life, for he was assassinated—on the very eve of entering into an alliance with Bonaparte for invading India. Baulked of his plan, Napoleon was mean enough to insinuate that the assassination was planned by the English. The *Mother of Tsars* is by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, author of "The French Noblesse of the Eighteenth Century," and will be published by Mr. Murray.

Mr. A. G. Bradley has a romantic career to deal with in the life of Captain John Smith, which he is writing for Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Action" series. Captain John Smith was a fine example of the roving Englishman of the Elizabethan era. He first saw some soldiering with the French, under Henry IV.; and then distinguished himself by fighting the Turks in Hungary, where, however, he was captured and sold as a slave. Afterwards, he joined an expedition to colonise Virginia — that was just three hundred years ago — and there he was taken prisoner before the Indian chief, Powhatan. He was about to be brained, when the chief's daughter, Pocahontas, "laid her own head upon his to save him from death." She again saved Smith's life on another occasion, and wound up by joining the English and embracing Christianity. She afterwards visited London, where she was known as "La Belle Sauvage." By all the laws of romance, Captain Smith should have married this beautiful heroine, but that was left to another Englishman, John Rolfe, by whom she had one son, and, at the present day, several Virginia families are proud to claim descent from this remarkable woman. Pocahontas died off Gravesend, after having embarked on the return voyage to her native country. John Smith became President of Virginia, but he returned to London in 1609, where, after another visit to the Colony, he died in 1631.

The Hatzfelt Letters, which Mr. Murray hopes to publish this season, were written by Count Paul Hatzfelt to his wife from the headquarters of the King of Prussia during the Franco-German War. The author, who lived to become German Ambassador to the Court of St. James's—dying a few years ago, it will be remembered, only a day or two after relinquishing that post—makes some scathing remarks about the French generals, politicians, and people, as well as about the ideas of the Americans concerning the usages of war during the siege of Paris. Many good stories are told, too, of the old Kaiser Wilhelm the First, the Emperor Napoleon, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and of many other historical figures connected with the war.

The Red Cravat, a historical novel, by Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, which Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish, takes its title from the badge of military service in Prussia in the days of Frederick Wilhelm I., the "drill-sergeant King," who kidnapped men from every corner of Europe for his Grenadiers. The scene opens at the King's Wusterhausen Palace, where Gundling, the Chamberlain and Court Fool, and Fassmann, a literary man, who was Gundling's rival in the Royal favour, are introduced. Barrack life in Brandenberg and Potsdam is described, and a powerful love story introduced, while the happy issue of the plot turns on the despotic methods by which the Prussian monarch arranged the marriages of his Guardsmen.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Naming a Novel

Soon it will be a more difficult task to christen a new novel than to write one. The new story Mrs. Thurston is engaged upon is, I hear, to be called "The Gambler." Mr. Le Queux is the author of "The Gamblers," but there is no likelihood of confusion between the two books. Mr. Le Queux himself discovered quite recently, when his own story, now known as "The Mask," was appearing serially as "Both of this Parish," that this excellent title had been used already by another novelist. Fortunately, there is no copyright in the mere name of a novel, and although no author would wittingly adopt a title that had already been rendered famous, it is quite reasonable that a novelist of established reputation should not be greatly concerned to know whether or not some one has been before him in the use of a title which suits his work. In this connection, I may tell how once an amateur author earned a fee where he would else have gone without reward. He was publishing in a little local magazine a serial entitled "Pilgrims of the Night," when a new novel of the same name by Miss Sarah Doudney was announced to appear in *The Argosy*. Pointing out to Miss Doudney's publishers that he was earlier in the field, the matter was arranged by his receiving a payment to surrender the title, which he did forthwith, and altered the next instalment of his own little serial to "Pilgrims to the Light"! As a matter of fact, there can be no copyright in a phrase of this kind, which, in all probability, was old when, sixty or seventy years ago, Faber used it for his beautiful hymn. It would be an easy matter to compile a long list of titles which have been used many times over, and to show that the most common resource to-day is to ring the changes on old titles. Scott's idea that a title should sound well and pique curiosity without explaining too much, still dictates the choice of novelists; yet what could be less suggestive than "John Chilcote, M.P."? It is as inexpressive as "Tom Jones," or "David Copperfield," but, as in the case of these classics, the title is not the best of Mrs. Thurston's clever book, which is having a great vogue in America as "The Masquerader." To my thinking, Mrs. C. N. Williamson is the cleverest of all our novelists in devising "taking titles." Nothing could be happier than "The Sea Could Tell."

Photo by *Mills*

Mr. Owen Seaman

Assistant Editor of *Punch*, and author of "A Harvest of Chaff," "The Battle of the Bays," etc.

The Taste for Parody

Apart from good fiction—perhaps the best of all reading—my taste is chiefly for the humorists, and for several weeks it has been my intention to say a word about the author of one of the more recent works of humour, which I have read with much pleasure. I am free to confess, however, that Mr. Owen Seaman has often shown his powers to better advantage than in his latest volume of humorous verse, "A Harvest of Chaff," amusing and entertaining though I found that. Since "Rejected Addresses" has long been regarded as a classic of English humour, no one who has followed Mr. Owen Seaman's work during the last ten years can doubt that something of his is shaped for immortality. "The Battle of the Bays" contains some genuine masterpieces of parody, and from it and his two later books, "In Cap and Bells" and "Borrowed Plumes," a collection of parodies in prose and verse could be compiled of more sustained excellence than even the celebrated work of James and Horace Smith. Although we hear so much about the demand for humorous reading, it seems to me the taste for brilliant parody must have been greater ninety years ago than it is now, as "Rejected Addresses" earned for the brothers Smith upwards of a thousand pounds—a huge sum in those days—after Murray had refused the copyright for twenty pounds!

Mr. Owen Seaman

Mr. Owen Seaman was born in 1861, and at Cambridge seems to have been equally distinguished as a classic and a sportsman. He became a master at Rossall, that fine old school near the dreary shipping town of Fleetwood, on the bleak Lancashire coast, and later was professor of literature at Durham College of Science, Newcastle, whose professor of modern history, Mr. Frewen Lord, has been cutting of late such antics in literary criticism. Mr. Seaman was a contributor to Mr. R. C. Lehmann's famous little magazine, *The Granta*, and some of his work therein having attracted the notice of Sir Francis Burnand—ever alert for new recruits—he was invited to write for the classic pages of Mr. Punch. His first contribution appeared in the issue of January 13, 1894; a delightful parody of Kipling's "Rhyme of the Three Sealers," which thus became the "Rhyme of the Kipperling." From that day

onward, Mr. Seaman has been a regular contributor to our national comic journal, being promoted to a seat at the historic table in 1897 (in which year he was also called to the Bar), and five years later becoming assistant editor. I have a suspicion that so much of his talent being used up in supplying Mr. Punch's topical political verse is not the best thing that could have happened to one of his rare gifts, and often, when I have read another of those brilliant weekly poems signed "O.S.," I have regretted that such qualities of wit and verse should be, in a manner, thrown away on a subject unworthy of them. For, in his literary parodies, there is much of permanent value, and if I were asked to compile a list of the best contemporary studies in criticism, I should unhesitatingly include therein several of Mr. Seaman's parodies, which are really literary criticism of the most trenchant kind. For instance, I should be content to let pass all the ponderous criticism that has been levelled at Miss Corelli, and to quote only from "Borrowed Plumes" a few of the "choice sayings" which Mr. Seaman gives us in Miss Corelli's manner:

> Surely there is Something, if we could but find out what it is. O unfathomable deeps!
>
> Man glories in titles. A woman is content with Genius.
>
> Oggi! Oggi! cry the ice-cream wayfarers from far Campanian hills. To-day! To-day! How true! There is no time precisely like the present. The past is over, the future yet to be.
>
> Noel-! What thought, what emotions the little word awakens! It is the French for Christmas!

Rome and the Novelists

The announcement that Mr. Richard Bagot has just completed another novel, the scene of which is laid in the Sabine Mountains, near Rome, reminds me that this novelist, more than any other of our day, has made himself the interpreter of the Eternal City to the public which derives its knowledge of life and affairs from works of fiction. Yes, I am remembering Mr. Hall Caine's "Eternal City," Miss Corelli's "Master Christian"; nor am I forgetting Mr. Marion Crawford's "The Heart of Rome." Of course, Mr. Crawford is head and shoulders above the others whom I have had to bracket with him, but it does seem to me that in such a book as Mr. Bagot's "Donna Diana" we get nearer to the mysterious heart of Rome than in any other contemporary novel. It is a very fine piece of work, perhaps the finest this cultured writer has given us, and judged purely as a love story, it also ranks high. If Mr. Bagot's next novel is as good as his last, we shall have reason to congratulate ourselves, as well as him. For it is inspiring to serious students of fiction to find gentlemen of leisure, such as he, devoting themselves so whole-heartedly to the novel. Mr. Bagot, who is descended on his mother's side from the fifth Duke of Northumberland, knows Rome *au cœur*, having lived there for many years in close touch with the clerical party. But he is no religious bigot, and, though a Catholic for twenty-five years, he can see the spots on his sun, certain unfavourable aspects of Vatican policy being very clearly expressed in his works. Yet he has not been placed upon the "Index," where, we are assured, even the romances of Mr. Joseph Hocking have been entered! He did, however, resign a Papal order when he boldly attacked the political attitude of the Vatican in the reviews a few years back.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Richard Bagot

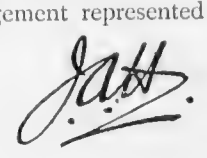
Author of "Donna Diana," and other novels dealing with the life of Rome

"Johnny Appleseed"

I am pleased to hear that Dr. Dwight Hillis, the American preacher, has written a book, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing, about a strange American character, who spent his life wandering through the virgin wilds of the Far West, planting the seeds of apple trees. That was more than a hundred years ago, so "Johnny Appleseed" has had to wait a long time for a biographer; but I remember encountering him, and speculating on the literary possibilities of a character so unique, in the pages of that very unequal romance by the late Mary Catherwood, "Lazarre." If an American Scott were to arise, he might do, in a measure, for Johnny Appleseed what the Sir Walter did for "Old Mortality." There is this difference, however, that Scott had met in the flesh the quaint old character whom he immortalised, and got from him many of the incidents which are introduced into his tale. It was a lovely occupation to wander the countryside, keeping in repair the graves of the martyrs, and there is no doubt that Old Mortality was entirely sane; but if the figure of Johnny Appleseed, as we find it in "Lazarre," is near the truth, we are to regard him as "a man whom God had touched." Still, it seems to me there is some of the real stuff of romance in such a character.

Slips of the Pen

The other day I read an article on the slips of authors, which set forth anew many ancient "howlers," from those of Ariosto to the noddings of Dickens. But journalism beats literature in this respect, naturally enough. Last autumn, a London paper stated that a boating party had been blown out to sea in the Firth of Clyde, drifted about the Forth all night, and landed at Inverness, "in an exhausted condition." That is a gem of ignorance. In the current issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Herbert Vivian gravely assures us that Mr. John Hare told him his twenty-five years of management represented "the quarter of a very long life." I would never have thought Mr. Hare was so old: some people don't look their age.



By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Oakley Hounds

Both on account of the sport shown, and through the high calibre that has, from its inception, characterised the pack, the Oakley Hunt has always stood high among "provincial" establishments. The ducal family of Bedford, to whom belong wide territorial possessions in the country, has ever been closely associated with the Hunt, the fact being duly recognised by the coronet superimposed on the "O" of the Hunt button, and, though it is to be regretted that, since 1841, no Russell has actually been at the head of affairs, the aristocratic nexus is, doubtless, answerable for the long list of illustrious names on the roll of Masters. The present Master, Mr. Esmé Arkwright, is a grandson of that Mr. Robert Arkwright who took the hounds over in 1850, and during a brilliant career of five-and-thirty years gained an enviable reputation as a huntsman and hound-breeder. Mr. Butt Miller, of the V. W. H., hunted the Oakley for three seasons before returning to his native Gloucestershire; his successor, Captain Hugh Browning, kept up the high standard in field and kennel till 1897, since when, Mr. Whitaker, who retired at the end of last season, carried the horn with the greatest success. Mr. Esmé Arkwright retains Joe Lawrence, who was Mr. Whitaker's kennel huntsman, to handle the pack; but on the one or two occasions when he himself has acted in that capacity he has shown considerable promise. It should be added that Mr. Arkwright shares with Mr. Colman, of the Surrey Union, the distinction of being the youngest Masters of Foxhounds.

Mr. Esmé Arkwright, Master of the Oakley Foxhounds

Mr. Arkwright is the grandson of Mr. Robert Arkwright, who was Master of the Oakley for thirty-five years, and is one of the youngest M.F.H. in the country

The Country

The kennels are at Milton Ernest, a short distance from the village whence the Hunt derives its title, and, considering the area of country which is regularly covered by hounds, are very conveniently situated. Four days are the weekly rule, the Mondays and Saturdays being, perhaps, the most popular, the former being generally allotted to the western or Newport Pagnell side, while the end of the week is nearly always devoted to the Kimbolton, or Huntingdonshire, district. Down on the Hertfordshire border there are some fine woodlands, such as Maulden and King's Woods, while adjoining the Grafton country on the north-west there is Yardley Chase, over which the Oakley Hunt exercises a joint right. There are also some grand coverts on the Kimbolton estate, such as Honey Hill, whence there is always a prospect of invading some of the best of the Fitzwilliam country, and Swineshead is another noted resort of foxes in this region; nor should Hail Weston, a sure find adjoining the Cambridgeshire country, be omitted. From a riding point of view, the Oakley country is certainly severe, for the ploughs are fairly heavy, while the fences are more suitable to pasture land, being, for the most part, strongly constructed with thorns. Fields rule large, especially round Bedford, which attacts more and more residents every year. Thanks, however, to the zealous efforts of the honorary secretary, Mr. T. H. Barnard, of Kempston, everything goes very smoothly, and the most cordial relations pervade the whole country.

Odds and Ends

The disappointments of January will not readily be forgotten, for nothing can be more aggravating than frosts at the time when all the coverts are open to hounds, and the country houses full of parties for the various Hunt balls. It is some comfort, however, that the number of resignations, real or threatened, continues to be small.

The Oakley Hunt: The pack at Kempston Hoo

Lord Dudley's retirement from the control of the Worcestershire, entailing, as it is said to do, the loss of Mr. C. R. Mills' services, is to be regretted; but in this case, as in that of the adjoining Croome country, where Mr. G. Dudley Smith is said to be giving up, there ought to be little difficulty of finding a capable successor. Colonel Percy Browne's acceptance of the Blackmore Vale country is a matter for general congratulation, for his brief tenure of the S. and W. Wilts country is ample testimony of his fitness for the post, while it is most satisfactory to hear that Mr. C. McNeill has consented to stay on with the North Cotswold. It is stated that the North Warwickshire Hounds will, next season, be hunted by James Cockayne, who has been with the Puckeridge for nine years. Such a brilliant horseman deserves, of course, better chances than are afforded by the cold ploughs of Herts and Essex, but, should his translation take place, his departure from the Puckeridge country will be much deplored. At the same time, it is notorious that Cockayne has already refused more than one flattering offer; and nobody disputes his worthiness to succeed Tom Carr at Kenilworth.

Two Curious Runs

On Friday, January 13, and the following day, occurred two runs, both of which were not a little remarkable. The Old Berkshire had met at Badbury Hill, near Faringdon, on the former, and in the afternoon Miss Hussey Freke, of Hannington, who was riding near Highworth, heard hounds running between Coleshill and Buscot. These turned out to be seven and a half couple that had gone away unattended. With only Miss Hussey Freke following them, they ran over some of the best of the V. W. H. country nearly to Crouch, and then *viâ* Hannington Wick to the Thames at Kempsford. The fox did not cross, but kept left-handed to Castle Eaton, where hounds checked; but the run ended with blood, as he was viewed into the rectory grounds and was soon accounted for. Mr. Wright, on returning from hunting, found a telegram intimating his lost hounds' whereabouts, and fetched them back to the kennels by 2 a.m. The other noteworthy run was with the Warwickshire from Mollington Wood, and it is a good instance of the luck that there is in hunting, for the fox went to ground almost immediately and was within an ace of dying, denounced as a coward

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Photo by *Bourne and Shepherd*

The Delhi-Bombay Trials: Arrivals at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay—the end of the run

The Gaikwar's Cup, value 1,000 rupees, was won by a De Dietrich car. To the natives, the Motor Trials afforded the most wonderful spectacle since the Durbar

climbing and powers of picking up are distinctly good.

A Really Useful Test

This new idea of a really authentic reliability trial of considerable length, such as 5,000 miles, should, from the public point of view, receive every encouragement. The Automobile Club has taken every precaution to ensure a faithful and accurate report of every single thing that happens to the car during the trials. Petrol is measured, the quantity of lubricating oil used is noted, every drop of water added to the water tank is put down, and any mechanical adjustment, down to the tightening of a nut, is noticed by the recording angel of the club. The number of tyres put on, the punctures and the state of the tyres at the end of the run are stated. In fact, considering that 5,000 miles is rather more than the purchaser of a medium-power car would probably do in a year, these trials really mean that a member of the public who contemplates the purchase of such a car, has, in black and white, the actual amount of adjustment and running expenses which he will incur during the first year. There can be little doubt but that to know exactly the running cost and the behaviour of a car for a year, is of considerable help to a man whose experience and knowledge is limited. The holding of such trials, therefore, should be encouraged. They cost the manufacturer a considerable sum of money (the club fee for its observer, etc., is £5 a day), but, in return, if his car is successful in undergoing such a test, I cannot but think that the public will take advantage of the accurate knowledge which he has placed at their disposal, and reward him with their orders.

A Few Suggestions

One or two points in connection with these trials suggest themselves. The car actually under trial should have distinctly marked on the body the name of the car, the distance of the trial, and the number of miles which it has successfully covered. Day by day this latter number would be altered. At each stopping place, therefore, spectators, and those interested in following the progress of the trials, would be quickly informed of the presence of the car and the number of miles it had covered. Big towns lying outside London should, as far as possible, be visited in turn day by day, and at each of these towns a suitable garage or room should be procured, and the car should be exhibited for, say, an hour or two. By this means the maker would secure a fine advertisement, and one which his expense and trouble really entitle him to. This would, too, encourage other makers to come forward and submit their cars to a similar test. Another trial of a similar nature is proceeding at the present time. It is that of the 24 h.-p. "Straker" omnibus, but in regard to an omnibus, it seems to me that instead of going on a journey loaded with pig iron, in place of passengers, it would be far better if the omnibus, fitted out with its proper omnibus body, were to ply between the Bank and Shepherd's Bush. Passengers could be easily obtained *en route*, especially if no charge were made. In this way the omnibus would be tested under actual working conditions. It would be stopped

in the traffic. It would be seen whether its cooling arrangements were sufficient. It would be constantly compelled to change gear, and a far better idea of its qualifications, for the trying conditions of London traffic, would be obtained than if it is simply driven along country roads with a load of dead weight.

1905 Trials

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders are now considering the question of the 1905 Reliability Trial. Manufacturers generally seem to be against the General Reliability Trial on the road, but appear to favour a series of tests to ascertain the real efficiency of different makes of engines, gear-boxes, systems of transmission, and brakes. Having in view the fact that any maker can have a reliability trial of his own for 5,000 miles or so under club rules, this suggestion of conducting a series of tests in the place of last year's general reliability trials, seems sound.

POINTS

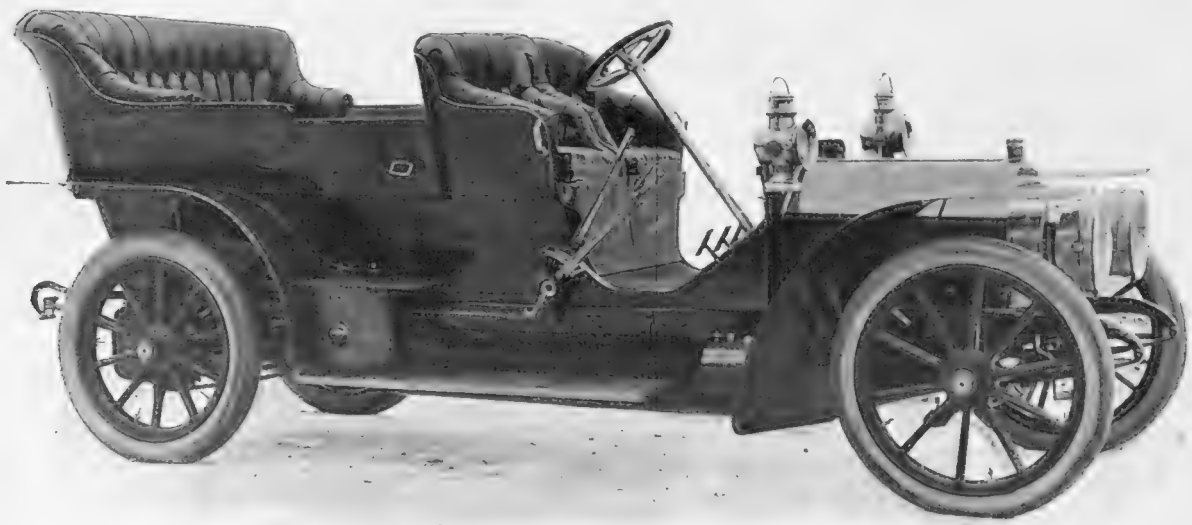
Here is a menu of a 50-cent luncheon at an American motor club: "Gasoline soup au naturel, scrambled sprockets, wind tyre pudding, with nuts for dessert."

* * *

There was exhibited at the Automobile Show recently held at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, a replica of the 28-36 h.-p. Daimler carriage, which created a record by scoring the first five places for efficiency in the Sunrising Hill-climb, held last summer by the Midland Automobile Club. This carriage is a handsome one, of the Roi-des-Belges type of tonneau; it is painted ivory white, with black mouldings, and fine gold lines; the upholstery is in red leather, and the fittings are brass-plated; it was shown on the stand of Messrs G. T. Heath and Company.

* * *

I illustrate this week the new 18-28 h.-p. Mercédes, which is to be seen at the Canstatt Automobile Association, 34, Shaftesbury Avenue. A long wheel base, 9 ft. 8 in., distinguishes this car, additional lubrication is provided, and the timing shaft of the magneto is more accessible.



The new 18-28 h.-p. Mercedes

This car is now on view at the Canstatt Automobile Association, 34, Shaftesbury Avenue. The body was built by Hooper and Co., St. James's Street

Is Trade So Bad?

It is a pleasure that in these days when we hear so much about trade leaving this country, to hear that one of our industries is at least holding its own, in spite of the great competition from our Continental neighbours. Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, coachbuilders to H.M. the King, of 425, Oxford Street, W., who, from the very commencement of the motor industry, have devoted their attention to the construction of high-class carriage work for chassis, and who have one of the most complete and up-to-date factories in the West End of London, where customers can watch the progress of their orders, inform me that they have over sixty bodies in hand for motor-cars. Among their clients are: H.R.H. Princess Christian, Viscount Castlereagh, The Rt. Hon. Sir Ernest Cassel, The Maharaja of Alwar, Sir Berkeley Sheffield, Count Henry Lutzow, Captain Spender Clay, and W. G. Raphael, Esq.

* * *

At a meeting of Sussex motorists at the "Old Ship" Hotel, Brighton, the question of starting a club for Sussex was proposed. Any car owners in Sussex who wish to join should communicate with the Secretary of the Motor Union, Piccadilly.

* * *

Keep sixpence handy for THE BYSTANDER of February 8, containing a Special Motor Supplement dealing with the exhibits at the Olympia.

* * *

Owing to the cold weather, the country police have worried motorists but little, and I have no reports of traps sent in. In London, though, they still trouble, and in Hyde Park a sergeant and policeman in plain clothes are generally on the watch to trap cars travelling between the Marble Arch and Grosvenor Gate.

Alfred C. Hunter.

SKATING ON THE FENS

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN—DISTANCE ONE MILE AND A HALF

S. Tebbutt, a well-known amateur Fen skater, and member of a famous family of skaters

Fred Ward (5 min. 8 2-5 secs.), who regained the Professional Championship which he had previously won in 1900

G. Strickson (on the left), fourth in race for the Championship, and Fred Ward

Photo by *Miss Brandon*

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SKATING RINKS AT DAVOS-PLATZ

The large sheet of ice stretching almost across the picture is the Public Rink. The building at the extreme left is the Eis Bahn, which contains dressing-rooms and a restaurant. The band plays on a balcony over the portico. The flags on the two little turrets signify that the ice is in a fit condition for skating; unless they are flying no one is allowed on the ice for fear of spoiling its surface. In the foreground is the English Rink, on which only those who have passed into the English Club and become members are allowed to skate. The long, narrow rink to the right of the English Rink is reserved for curling. Ski racing takes place on the lower slopes of the mountain in the background.

Bob-sleighing at Davos for the Manchester Bowl

Photo by *Kuchler and Wieck*

Starting "Pretty Polly" in the race for the Bowl presented by the Duke of Manchester

The modern bob-sleigh has developed from a crude wooden sledge into a scientific vehicle, built, as our illustration shows, somewhat on the lines of a motor-body. It is steered by a wheel, and its nose resembles that of a modern "racer." Eighteen sleighs started in the above race, which was won by "The Scarlet Runner," an English Bob, in 6 min. 4 sec. Bob-sleighing is attended with no little danger, a spill frequently resulting in broken limbs

MATTERS MUSICAL

Mr. Clement Harvey

It is a melancholy fact, which becomes obvious to all artists sooner or later, that the highest forms of art do not appeal to the multitude. It therefore behoves Mr. Clement Harvey not to be discouraged at the thinness of the audience which assembled at his pianoforte recital last week. For it is certain that his playing is at all times artistic, and, if it lacks here and there that last sparkle of lustre which is appreciated most by partially educated audiences, it possesses to a more than proportionate extent that breadth and vigour, tempered with refinement, which serve to place the performer in direct sympathy with really musical listeners. Although he is quite young (this was his first appearance in London), he has discovered the secret of sinking his individuality in interpreting the ideas of the composer, so that one is able to give one's whole attention to the music itself, the fact that it is being reproduced by human agency being lost sight of for the time being. Mr. Harvey received valuable assistance from Miss Martha Cunningham, a clever soprano of the young generation, and Miss Evalyn Amèthe.

Miss Evalyn Amèthe
A talented young violinist who should be heard of in the future

Miss Evalyn Amèthe

This lady played two violin solos with a peculiarly light and delicate touch, and it was at first sight puzzling to know why we know so little of her. She is a young Welsh violinist who made her début in 1902, but shortly afterwards was compelled to undergo an operation as the result of an accident to her head during childhood, and, with the exception of a single recital in May, 1903, she has not been heard since. She plays so charmingly, and with such poetic feeling, that it is to be hoped the musical world will hear a great deal more of her in the future. Certainly, she has started her career well, for she has already had the honour of being asked to play before the King on two occasions, though she is only nineteen at the present time. She has studied under Wilhelmj.

"Folk-Songs from Somerset"

Those who are interested in the attributes which go to make up the English character, as well as those who love a quaint tune, will much appreciate the book of "Folk-Songs from Somerset," which have been collected, arranged, and edited by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire, and the Rev. Charles L. Marson, Vicar of Hambridge, Somerset. Mr. Sharp's lecture some time ago on English folk-song will be remembered by all who had the fortune to hear it. Many books of folk-songs, national songs, and the like, consist of series of popular tunes just thrown together anyhow, with the most commonplace of accompaniments, and it comes by way of pleasant contrast to these to note the almost reverent care which has been bestowed on this very point by Mr. Sharp. As the editor states, in his admirable introduction: "These are not mere uncouth, clownish things which we present here": many of them are gems of great antiquity, and all of them are most tastefully presented for our perusal. There are twenty-seven songs in all; the price is 5*s.*, and the London publishers are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.

The London Symphony Orchestra

I found the last concert of the London Symphony Orchestra most interesting. In the first place, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford was conducting, and the eminent Irish musician has never been in better form. Then Mr. Leonard Borwick, who is always capable of giving one pleasure, played the solo part in Brahms' pianoforte concerto in B flat, and gave a broad and spirited reading of this fine work. The third point was one of more interest to some young ladies in front of me than to myself. They would giggle and point every now and then to a couple sitting in the grand circle. I inferred, from a sly peep now and then, that these two were far more interested in one another than in Stanford's "Allegro" Symphony, which happened to be in progress, and as a polite hint to them that it is injudicious to squeeze one another in public, and to the giggling maidens aforesaid, that it is not in the best of taste to whisper and make gestures at a symphony concert, I hereby expose their small manœuvres. As to the five songs of the sea, composed for the Leeds Festival last year, and now heard for the first time in London, the most taking is, I think, the last—"The Old Superb"—which has a fine rollicking air. In the more sober settings of "Outward Bound" and "Homeward Bound," the composer appears to have missed a little the atmosphere which the poems certainly suggest, and in this respect one cannot avoid comparing these songs with those other celebrated five of Dr. Elgar, which seem to suggest more aptly the poetry of the sea.

H. F.

THE CONNOISSEUR

Frederick Sandys (1832-1904) at Burlington House

Beyond the fine collection of the Watts' at Burlington House, there is a quiet and not over-visited room devoted to a few pictures instinct with the sentiment of nearly a couple of generations ago, and strongly marked with the sense of beauty and romance which belonged to so much of the "Pre-Raphaelite" work.

On the morning I happened to be looking at the work of this artist, three other people were in the room, all, I fancy, somewhat indifferent to the charm which Sandys readily exercises over us A lady, evidently patronising art in a generous, if uninformed, spirit, said, rather loudly, to her neighbour, "Who is Sandie, do you know anything about him?" Her friend looked vaguely at the catalogue, laughed heartily at the portrait of the back hair of a lady of the "Sixties," and passed rapidly to other galleries. Of course, these visitors were of the kind that would have asked, had the opportunity presented itself, "What are Keats?" but, besides this particular pair of light-hearted patrons, there are many others that have lost sight of this graceful and interesting painter's work. Apart from his technical qualities, Sandys' work is of some sociological interest; his delicate portraits of men and women recall the spirit that we know so well from the novels of Thackeray and the journals of early Victorian days. But although his portraits, such as that of Mrs. George Meredith—Watts' excellent George Meredith is in a neighbouring room—are historically valuable, it was as an illustrator with an inclination towards elaborate comment upon the text that he will always be best known.

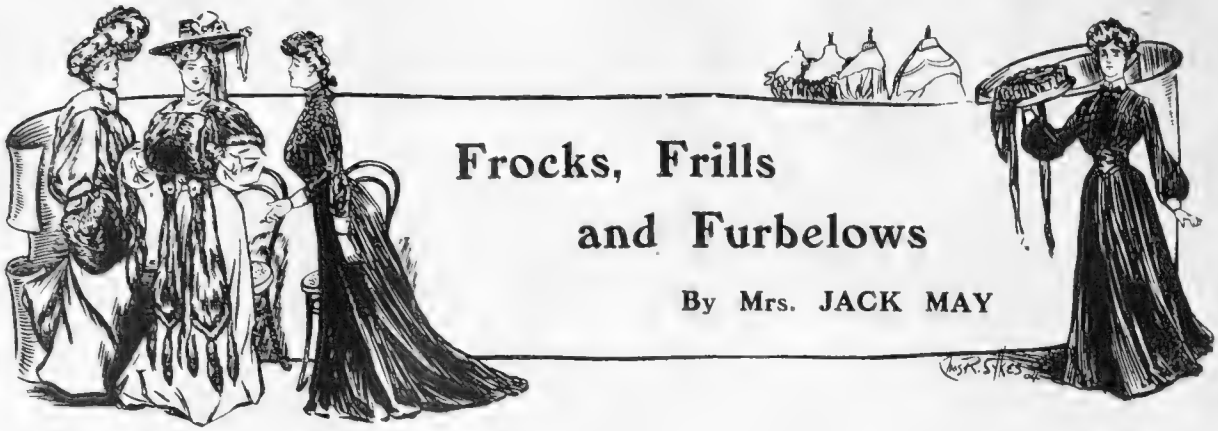
When, as illustrators of the magazines, Houghton, Rossetti, Millais, Walker, and Sandys succeeded to the men of the Cruikshank school and time, the change was towards sweetness and light. With *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill*—the first volume of the latter contained Sandys' drawing for "Legend of the Portent"—*The Argosy*, *Good Words*, and so forth, the band of artists, all of whom are now so well known to fame, were producing the most charming, sincere, and effective work. The illustrations of the "Sixties" have been fully exploited, and all who care for the period have several willing guides whose volumes, rich in reproductions, they may consult. But their researches will not produce any greater pleasure than can be given by the best work of this exquisite draughtsman. The late exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, and the room at Burlington House, however, have given the general public an opportunity of studying one of the most gifted, if least known, of the artists of the 60's and 70's of the last century. For that was the period when he produced those drawings of his that show the prodigious labour he loved to devote to his expression of the beautiful. Although he only died in June, last year, the world had, we fear, somewhat forgotten him.

Drawing by Sandys, taken from the original wood-block in the possession of Messrs. Virtue and Co.

This picture first appeared in the *Argosy*. March, 1866, and illustrated Christina G. Rossetti's poem, "If," the lines quoted beneath it were:

"If he could come to-day, to-day,
O, what a day to-day would be!"

The reproduction which we give is characteristic of his work in the monthly magazines. The original drawing, shown at Burlington House side by side with a proof, or pull, from the wood-block, displays the extraordinary care with which this artist worked. It has been suggested that the Royal Academy should, if possible, purchase for the Chantrey Bequest Sandys' rather important work, "Medea"; but, for my part, I think the spirit of his period is best displayed in his drawings for the magazines and the delicate portraits of the men and women of his time. E. M.



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Ambrosine and I have been amiably discussing the fashionable outlook of the coming spring, and endeavouring to draw aside the curtain, that is, as yet, held up between us and those who are more intimately connected with *la mode*. On one point we are completely satisfied, even at this early date, and under a generally hazy condition of things, that we shall have to go cautiously in the case of many of the promised innovations.

There is a disposition to carry the high draped belt to, and even slightly above, the figure line, that we greatly deplore. Anything more inartistic or unbecoming than this it would be impossible to imagine, for, be the form ever so shapely, these hard, symmetrical, horizontal lines suffice to lose all suppleness and elegance, while the whole affair is irresistibly reminiscent of swaddling clothes. Ambrosine and I have decided not to recognise its claims in any circumstances.

An ivory freize wrap coat

The Skirt and Contrasting Coat

Over this fashion we have pondered long and pleasantly. It jumps to the eye, as the French say, and to the heart also for that matter, more especially if the latter incline towards economy. We dwelt excitedly ourselves over several possible schemes of our own, such as a brown cloth skirt, that is gauged full about the waist, on deftly manœuvred piping cords, and tucked several times at the hem, with which goes a corsage pouching over a high silk belt, and gauged to effect a long-shouldered appearance, a detail that cannot be too speedily cast into the limbo of things *démodé*. For a space we speculated on the chances of faking up this bodice into a reformed creation, but finally discarded the whole affair in favour of a little brown taffeta coatee with a short double basque at the back, and cut-away fronts, opening upon a shapely belt, that might almost be described as a *décolleté* vest, of the cloth, this closing in double-breasted fashion with embroidered taffeta buttons.

Innumerable possibilities, too, present themselves in the cause of the voile frock, that has grown *démodé* without losing its freshness, since this can have the skirt weighted at the hem by a deep *empiècement* of taffeta or panne, and the original corsage supplemented by some coatee effect of the same contrasting material, whatever that may be. There is likely, by-the-way, to be a marked penchant for weighting light stuffs with heavy hems. This is a vogue which made its début during the winter months in an alliance of crêpe-de-Chine, or mousseline de soie, and caracule.

The Ethics of Economy

Several controversies are raging over the comparative expenditure of the girl of to-day and that of her mother and grandmother. It must be readily conceded, of course, that we women do spend rather more on our persons than was the case thirty years ago. But thirty years ago, it must be remembered, we were only just recovering the balance of at least two decades or more of admitted hideousness, both in clothes and furniture. For the moment, all artistic inspiration seemed dead in England, and one shudders to think of the dull, level ugliness of the fifties and sixties.

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But go back, as suggested by one of our Sunday contemporaries, to the Middle Ages, and there will be found proof after proof of the extravagance of dressing. For lack of better occupation, women had more time to lend to the "tiring" of their persons than is the case at present. For I doubt if even the most vain and exacting among us would sit patiently for three hours under the hands of a coiffeur to-day; the strenuousness of modern existence would never permit of such a monopoly.

Where, I think myself, the shoe pinches, is in the present lack of understanding how best to adopt the various toilette and toilet duties exacted of us. It is daily proclaimed, for example, that we spend too much money on our complexions, and our coiffures,

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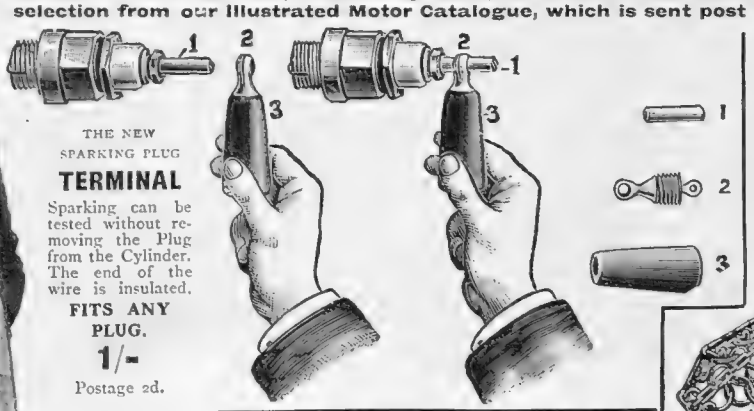

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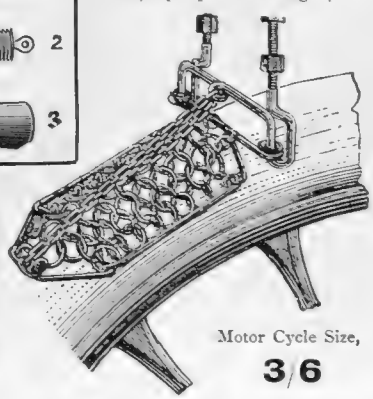

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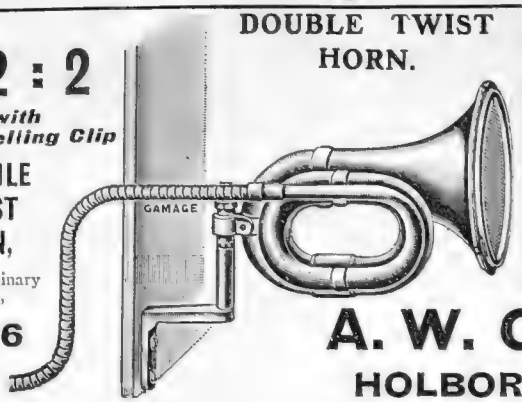

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and our manicurists, and possibly, in many instances, this is an impeachment that cannot be denied. But the point is, it need not exist, ignorance of the best way to go about things being at the root of the whole matter.

According to our means, let us correct our complexions, and cultivate the coiffure of the moment, but, if unable to afford the services of past masters and mistresses of these arts, then must we make a study of the arts for ourselves.

Mrs. Pomeroy, who admittedly stands at the top of the tree in the profession she has elected to adopt, will be the first to corroborate what we are saying; in fact, she says as much herself, in her booklet, "Beauty Rules," an inspiring little treatise enough, and one that must have sufficed to bring the blush to many cheeks, whose owners have wittingly neglected the first laws of health and hygiene. Idleness and indifference is at the root of half the faulty complexions, defective coiffures, and most especially the indifferent care of the hands, we so constantly meet about. After the initial outlay on necessary implements, the subsequent expenditure, believe me, is comparatively small; as, in the case of the complexion, the various emollients and creams can be replenished one by one, and it is amazing how long the majority of these last, even with constant use.

Respecting the coiffure, more license must be allowed, according to whether you habitually wear a transformation, or have your hair *ondulé*, together with the varying qualities of such trifling addenda as pin curls, switches, frames, etc. Here every woman can and should work out her own economical salvation, and given discrimination she will in no wise accept dictation in the matter.

The Extravagance of Outdoor Pursuits

Much unjustifiable outlay, again, is laid at the health-giving doors of golfing, cycling, and motoring. It is claimed, against these pursuits, that special costumes entail special expenditure, and such parade is made of this, one is tempted to surmise that fresh outfits are a question of days rather than months, and, perhaps, years; all of which is rank rubbish. The golfing girl who knows, possesses herself of a sturdy rainproof tweed coat and skirt, that will see her through two or more seasons; and it may be incidentally pointed out, that when she is wearing this attire she is probably saving some far more elaborate visiting toilette.

Similarly with motoring. True, we must be sheltered from dust and other contaminations, for which purpose we wear the buttoned-up coat, surmounted by a cap and veil. But—and here Ambrosine and I can speak with full conviction—there is positively saving rather than extravagance in motoring attire.

Few clothes and good, is the motto for her who would present a pleasing appearance on an average dress allowance, and, you may take it from one, whose whole study in life has to do with sartorial matters, that the craving for cheap and constant change is at the root not only of poor dressing, but extravagance.

A Luncheon Menu

Caviar Eggs.
Soles in Aspic.
Curried Sweetbreads.
Roast Pheasants.
Salad.
Stewed Rhubarb. Junket.

CAVIAR EGGS

Boil some eggs hard, cut them in halves, slice a small piece from either end so that they may stand, take out the yolks, put them in a mortar with a small piece of butter and some caviar (for four eggs a tablespoonful of caviar), incorporate them all well together, adding a dust of cayenne and six drops of lemon juice; then fill the eggs with this, piling the mixture high in them, and dish them up on small round sippets of fried brown bread, or, instead of the brown bread, crôutons; white bread may be used, spread with watercress butter.

ASPIC OF SOLES

Take six fillets of soles, roll them up and fasten with a skewer, season with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice, put them in a buttered dish and cover with oiled paper; bake in a quick oven ten minutes, just long enough to cook the fillets; take them out, remove the paper, put them on a plate with another on the top and a weight on it; leave till cold. Boil three eggs hard; when cold, cut them in slices; take a mould (which has been filled with cold water), ornament the bottom with slices of eggs, pour in a little warm aspic jelly and let it set; cut the sole into rounds the size of a penny. Arrange this in the mould, sprinkle in a little chopped tarragon or parsley, a few picked shrimps, placing pieces of egg at the sides, fill up the interstices with aspic jelly, let each layer partly set before putting in the next. Turn it out on a dish, surround it with salad, ornamented with hard-boiled egg, tomato, or beetroot. Just before serving, pour a little mayonnaise sauce over the salad.

For the Aspic Jelly.—Half ounce gelatine soaked in half pint cold water four hours, half pint of stock or boiling water, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one onion chopped, piece of lemon-peel, pinch of sugar, salt, pepper. Put all into a stewpan, stir occasionally, let it come to the boil; boil three minutes, simmer five minutes, strain till clear. A little Liebig's extract may be used, if you have no stock. Turbot or any cold fish may be used.

CURRIED SWEETBREADS

Three-quarters of a pint white stock, 2 oz. butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one onion, 1 oz. flour, one tablespoonful of curry powder. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the sliced onion, fry it a golden brown, add the flour and curry powder. Simmer till the flour and onion are cooked. Add the stock by degrees, keeping it well stirred. Add the vinegar when the sauce is nice and smooth. Add the sweetbread, cut into pieces two inches square. Let it stew in the gravy thirty-five minutes. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

JUNKET

Three pints new milk, twelve lumps of sugar, one wineglass of brandy, two small tablespoonfuls of essence of sennet. Warm the milk thoroughly, add the sugar, and, after you have poured the milk into a glass dish, add the brandy; stir in the sennet, cover it with a clean cloth, and leave it some hours to set. Devonshire cream or clotted cream may be put on the top before serving.

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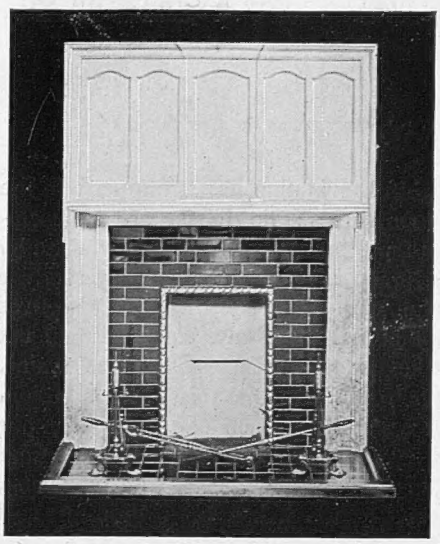

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A most delightful revolution has taken place in the fashion of indoor games; no longer are we exclusively bound to pastimes which are really a study. We may be self-respecting creatures, and yet refuse to sit pondering over whist; or to bury ourselves deeply in the moody melancholy, caused by the tax that chess makes upon our poor exhausted brains. And I cannot help thinking that this is a good thing. Why should we, as the French say of us, take our pleasures so sadly, and make our recreations a regular mental struggle? The change began with ping-pong, so it is not new; but it has been growing and developing from that date; and we have been more or less delightfully silly ever since. Now, when we give an evening party, we may introduce Fishponds, Cork Grab, and Pit, without anyone thinking the worse of us. Moreover, such games help us to check the advance of old age. Formerly, they had to be enjoyed on the sly in the nursery, with the ostensible object of amusing the small inmates; and if these awkward little people revealed the fact that "Auntie laughed more than anyone," auntie drew herself up with an air of grave reserve, declaring plaintively that there was no sacrifice she thought too great to offer at the shrine of exacting childhood.

Miss Fairweather, Lady Billiard Champion

Who, with 250 start, defeated Charles Roberts, the well-known teacher, at two exhibition games of 500 up at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square

The Poor Snubbed Child of the Fifties

How our fashions change—our fashions of thinking, acting, and, above all, of expressing ourselves. This was especially brought to my mind this week on reading in a contemporary some words on fashions in children's books, in which an "old-fashioned" paragraph is quoted, from what seems to be a most unpleasant work, entitled "The Children's Miscellany." The sentence quoted is so irresistibly funny—though, like many other things of the sort, it is *meant* to be serious—that I cannot help repeating it. The wretched infant thus harangued has only given a *portion* of her money to the poor. "Proud and unfeeling girl," exclaims the moral mother, "to prefer vain and trifling ornaments to the delight of relieving the sick and miserable. Retire from my presence! Take away with you your trinket and nosegay, and receive from them all the comforts which they are able to bestow!" Poor mamma! she was greatly lacking in the sense of humour; and her mind must surely have been as depressed as her conversation was depressing. I have not read "The Children's Miscellany," so I do not know if the culprit repented of the crime relating to the "nosegay"; but one can imagine a bewildered child, thus confronted by mamma's peculiarities, taking comfort from that fallacy, so full of consolation to the young, "Wait till I'm grown-up, and then I'll do *just* as I like."

The Dulness of Indoor Virtue

I wonder if a sense of humour in woman is a modern development? I do not think that it is to be found very conspicuously among our grandmothers. They were always doing something so solid and worthy and unnecessary—performing the offices which their cooks, housemaids, dressmakers, and shopkeepers, could have done much better, and less expensively, for them. If you asked them *why* they made everything at home with their own fair fingers, they replied that such productions were more "wholesome" or "lasted" better. This latter reason is certainly true; for some of the ugliest of their handiwork has come down to their descendants; and is, unfortunately, "lasting" still. I think it was the importance they attached to these trifles which made them a solemn people; and perhaps, too, the fact that they rarely went out may have been partly responsible. Indoor virtue is always dull. But, say the moralists, "they were so good and consequently so happy." I can hardly believe that they were *all* good or *all* happy; but I leave the statement as it stands, merely venturing to remark that modern women are not, as a rule, either bad or unhappy; while having a much better time and being infinitely more attractive—I will not say to "man": that is an intricate problem which it is outside my province to decide—but at least to their own sex. LADY PHYLLIS.

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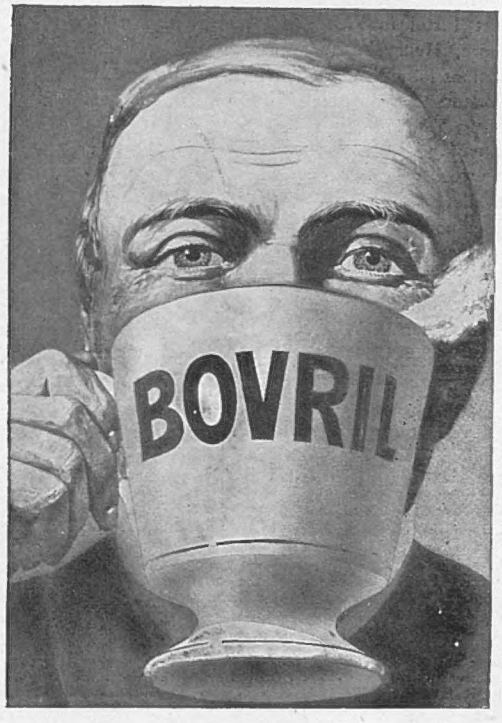

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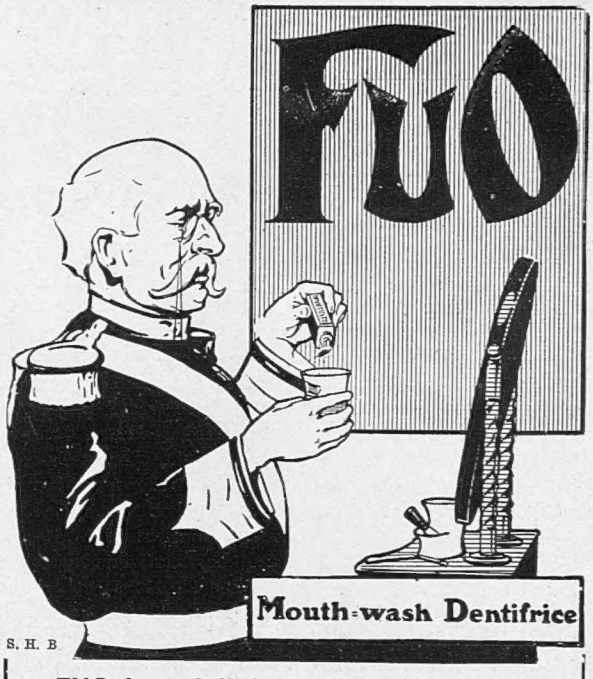

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Lyceum—A Refined Music Hall

The public demand light amusement, and at the Lyceum they get it, and of the best quality. However one may deplore the continued inappreciation of anything above a music-hall turn, it is pleasing to see the tone of this form of entertainment raised to the high level attained by the Lyceum company. Of questionable jokes (the bane of many music-hall performances) there are none, while of sheer fun and opportunities for hilarious enjoyment, the programme is full. The palm must be awarded to the Harmony Four, whose make-up and sketch were the most amusing items in the programme. Of acrobats and tumblers there is a plentiful supply, while sensation is provided by Staig's Motor Race, which takes place "in Mid-air on the Bottomless Track." Then there is a Dog Show, and some amusing Animated Pictures. Perhaps, Lyceum tradition is accountable for the introduction of selections from Gounod's *Faust*, the characters being enacted by well-known French artistes. Mdlle. Nervil, as Margherita, is well received, and is no less a favourite with the gallery than with the stalls.

The Royalty Theatre

On Saturday evening, February 11, the Royalty Theatre will re-open with a double bill, consisting of *The Diplomatists*, a new two-act farcical comedy by Sydney Grundy, and *A Case of Arson*, by Herman Heyermans. The cast of the former play is as follows: Dr. Prothero, Mr. E. W. Garden; Peter Jocelyn, Mr. George Raiemond; John Jackson, Mr. Charles Groves; Valentine Grayling, Mr. E. H. Kelly; Arnold Jocelyn, Mr. N. Holthoir; Alphonse, Mr. Albert Sims; Mrs. Prothero, Miss Marie Illington; Matilda Jocelyn, Miss Florence St. John; Muriel Prothero, Miss Lily Grundy: Jane, Miss Laura Reynolds. The first act takes place in Clapham and the second at Brixton Hill. In the remarkable one-act piece, *A Case of Arson*, by Herman Heyermans, Mr. Henri de Vries, the great Dutch actor, will, for the first time in English, sustain seven of the nine parts of which the play consists. The magistrate will be played by Mr. Henry Vibart.

The Garrick Theatre

The hundredth performance of *The Walls of Jericho* will take place at the Garrick Theatre on Saturday next. It is the most popular play running, and any of our readers who have not seen it should make a point of doing so.

Toasting Hamlet in a Marmalade Jar

"The *Era* Dramatic and Musical Annual" for this year, besides being a most valuable reference book for playgoers throughout the United Kingdom, is again full of interesting letterpress. Sir Henry Irving fitly opens what may be termed the magazine section of the "Annual" with reminiscences of Dundee. He draws an amusing contrast between the lavishness of Shakespearean productions in these days, and *Hamlet* as played at the Castle Street Theatre in 1858. "When the King drank to Hamlet—I was the king, the ghost, and several other useful persons—well, I drank to Hamlet out of one of Keiller's empty jars. When the playgoers of Dundee saw that simple marmalade jar, which had done its duty in one of their own happy, unpretending homes, they rose at it with tumultuous joy. And when the First Gravedigger handed the skull of Yorick to Hamlet—a skull which was visibly a small, attenuated, consumptive, and rather grimy turnip—then we knew that we had put our trust in illusion, and not in vain!" William Mollison (who tells a most amusing story of how he was forced to eat a real leek as Ancient Pistol in *Henry V.*, and of his revenge), Walter Passmore, Henry Arthur Jones (who discusses the necessary foundations for a National English drama), are among a host of contributors to this interesting and valuable handbook.

Our Coloured Supplement

This week we afford our readers an opportunity of adding to their gallery of Pannett portraits. The artist has established for himself a name which stands for daintiness and modernity. He has the wonderful faculty of reading colour into the least flashy subjects. The modern woman who forms the subject of our supplement this week is an attractive addition to the ranks of her predecessors.

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is one of them. The use of a pure tobacco confers comparative immunity from pulmonary diseases and kills unhealthy microbes. Smoking is now advised by some doctors as part treatment of consumption. Send for our booklet, "Why Luntin?"

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